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*Based upon comparisons with various GM vehicle division prices for options purchased separately during the 1988 model year. Not all options are separately available in 1989 model year.

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COVER: Discovery's fiery launch lifts U.S. 20 spirits and puts astronauts back into space

After a 32-month hiatus, the refurbished shuttle and its veteran five-man crew pass a crucial flight test, send a vital communications satellite into perfect orbit, and help Americans overcome their post-Challenger blues. But can NASA meet its new shuttle launch schedule? And can the U.S. afford expensive shuttle missions for tasks that rockets can do more cheaply? See SPACE.



NATION: In a TIME poll, Dukakis wins the debate but voters like Bush better 26

The national mood is the best in four years, and Bush benefits.

► Behind the rosy economic numbers of the Reagan boom, middle-class Americans feel squeezed. Once again this election poses a critical question: Are you better off? ► A backlash for the A.C.L.U. ► On the road with Dan Quayle and Lloyd Bentsen, this week's debaters. ► Shrinking the Underclass—a campaign essay.



OLYMPICS: After a fall from glory, the Games struggle to regain innocence 72

Ben Johnson, the world's fastest human, becomes sport's most famous steroid abuser, pumping up suspicions of widespread drug abuse. ► Led by Flo-Jo's joyous medal romp, the athletes run, jump, dunk and slam their way through a picturesque final week of records set and favorites upset. ► One man's answer to why TV sees less than the eye of the beholder.



50 World

A Moscow shake-up and a Beijing slowdown are the price of reform. ► Who's up and who's out in the Kremlin. ► New hope in Haiti?

65 Video

Glasnost comes to Soviet TV as unprecedented programs break taboos and touch raw nerves. The viewers are spellbound.

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Moneymen look for ways to reduce Third World debt. ► On the takeover trail with the Hafts. ► Jet-propelled Gooney Birds.

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He's been heard from beyond, seen at Burger King, revered at GraceLand. Eleven years after Elvis' death, his cult is becoming a religion.

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France and China approve a pill designed to induce an abortion. Will the U.S. follow suit? Not soon, and not without a battle.

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Impeccably restored, Washington's Union Station will be a working depot again—and perhaps the grandest public space in the U.S.

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The rockets roared, and the shuttle is in orbit, but the U.S. space effort is only going in circles. How to soar once more?

Cover:
Photograph by
Red Morgan

A Letter from the Publisher

TIME is always prepared to adjust its deadlines in order to cover an important news story. But if we stretch them too far, an issue may be days late reaching its readers. So, for our coverage of last week's debate between George Bush and Michael Dukakis, we decided to try something no other national magazine has ever done: stop the presses on Sunday night to insert a story in issues that would be in the mail and on newsstands Monday morning. The job of overseeing the effort fell to TIME production director Martin Gardner and TIME U.S. operations manager Oliver Knowlton. Says Gardner: "It was like a military operation."

The battle plan required clock-work coordination from an army of TIME staffers. As millions of Americans tuned in to watch the Bush-Dukakis face-off, a team of writers and editors gathered at the Time-Life Building in New York City to begin working on the two-page story. Meanwhile, Knowlton, art director Rudolph Höglund and picture editor Michele Stephenson were at the Home Box Office studio production center in Manhattan taking color images of the debate from television.

At 11 p.m. the photographs were beamed via satellite to printing plants located around the U.S. By 12:30 a.m. the edited



Knowlton and Gardner at the HBO studio in New York City

story had arrived. At 2 a.m. the presses began to roll in East Greenville, Pa., and in Old Saybrook, Conn., where Gardner was standing by with a squadron of six planes and three helicopters waiting to airlift the magazines to major cities.

The first copies were loaded onto the aircraft by 4:30 a.m. TIME hit the newsstands in Washington at 8:30, in New York City by 9, and Los Angeles by 7. In all, the story on the debate appeared in roughly half of TIME's 5.3 million copies. We wish the story had appeared in all of them, but reluctantly decided that the resulting delay in reaching our readers would have drained much of the news value from our story. We're proud of that

story, and for those of you who missed it, we recommend our report in this issue that, with the aid of a TIME poll, assesses the impact of the debate on the campaign.

Gardner, his mission focused on delivering the updated copies, will never forget his flight aboard one of the delivery planes. Says he: "I knew right then that production was a lot more glamorous than everybody thinks."

Robert L. Miller

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Olympians!

To the Editors:

The Olympics are alive and well in Seoul [SPECIAL SECTION, Sept. 19], with the finest of the world's youth acting out their individual dreams, while the rest of us imagine universal brotherhood and peace. These elusive ideals exist, if only for a brief moment, in the venues of the Games of the XXIV Olympiad.

Greg S. Kessler
Chesterfield, Mo.



Yuri Sedykh, the Soviet hammer thrower, is not "the lone repeat winner in the event's history." Two Irishmen share that distinction. John Flanagan, competing for the U.S., won in 1900, 1904 and 1908. Patrick O'Callaghan, my father, won in 1928 and 1932.

Hugh O'Callaghan
Key West, Fla.

Your article "Sprite Fight" on young gymnasts was great. As a former gymnast and an avid fan, I've been glued to the TV all during the women's gymnastic competition, waiting for the next petite, gutsy gold medalist.

Rhonda Richards
Maryland Heights, Mo.

Since Jimmy Carter's decision to boycott the 1980 Games in Moscow, there has not been a true Olympic contest. The 1984 Games in Los Angeles, without the Soviet-bloc countries, were hardly a valid competition. And even though most of the Communist countries are participating in Seoul, there are still some holdouts, notably the Cubans. Without them, the boxing is a joke and the baseball a breeze.

Mike Vail
Kasson, Minn.

The Environment Issue

Dick Thompson raises some important points in his discussion of environmental issues in the presidential campaign [NATION, Sept. 19]. An even better motive is to avoid the bitterness engendered by the New Zealanders' break from tradition, whether legal or not. Aside from

Letters

is clear. Nuclear power is a folly of the highest degree. Conservation measures, improved power-load management and revamped utility-rate structures will cut energy use, reduce air pollution and eliminate the need for nuclear-energy production. There is no easy way to manage safely and dispose of the high-level radioactive waste from nuclear reactors. Michael Dukakis is definitely the environmental candidate. His qualifications go far beyond his platform. Among other things, he has taken an active role in fighting oil exploration on the Georges Bank, the most productive fishing area in the world. Important ground has been lost in the past eight years. Considering the urgency of the problems, can we afford to wait an additional four years?

Mark Easter
Burlington, Vt.

Thompson chides Dukakis for opposing nuclear power as an energy source. But until a foolproof method to dispose of radioactive waste can be guaranteed, Thompson's suggestion that nuclear power be used as a means of cleaning up the environment is absurd.

Heather A. Graf
Norton, Mass.

Yellowstone Burnout

The wildfires described in "A Hot Time at Old Faithful" [NATION, Sept. 19] have not "ruined" 1.2 million acres of Yellowstone National Park and adjoining national forests. They have simply changed them, and for the better, if biological diversity is the goal. As Assistant Secretary of Agriculture for Natural Resources and Environment during the Carter Administration, I enunciated the current Forest Service policy of "fire management" rather than the knee-jerk reaction of fire suppression. It saves money and manpower where fire fighting is economically unjustified, and improves the habitat for wildlife by creating openings for grazing within what would otherwise be a solid forest canopy.

M. Rupert Cutler, President
Defenders of Wildlife
Washington

Houses can be rebuilt, whole villages too, and trees can be replanted, but no one has spoken of the wild animals and birds. They cannot be brought back to life.

Rodney B. Birch
Bearsville, N.Y.

Shipshapes

The total boredom of watching a catamaran soundly thrash a monohull is reason enough to return to the concept of one-design racing for the America's Cup [SPORT, Sept. 19]. An even better motive is to avoid the bitterness engendered by the New Zealanders' break from tradition, whether legal or not. Aside from

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See What You've Missed By Not Seeing Spain.



Letters

that, it's nice to see that Americans can read rule books and trounce the New Zealanders at their own game.

*Brooks A. Mick
Findlay, Ohio*

The America's Cup mismatch was bad enough, but unforgivable was Dennis Conner's uncouth, insulting and contemptuous attitude toward Michael Fay and his crew, who conducted themselves like gentlemen and sportsmen. Would fair-minded Americans and the worldwide yachting fraternity be willing to say that of Conner?

*Ruth Reilly
North Auckland, N.Z.*

Podium Kisses

I don't understand why Charles Krauthammer takes such a hard-nosed stand against political candidates for highlighting their families [ESSAY, Sept. 19]. The two areas of life important to most of us are work and relationships, especially family ones. Why shouldn't the two be tied together as closely as possible? How people interact with family members and friends reveals much about their values and character, vital ingredients in a presidential hopeful.

*G. Christopher Ward
Kearny, N.J.*

If their families were as valuable to them as they proclaim, candidates would never enter the political arena. I resent it when a politician consistently tries to disseminate an image instead of depending on ideas to reach the voters. And it makes us look bad if we accept and encourage this image making.

*Ramona Gonzales
San Jose*

Natural Birth Control

As instructors of natural family planning, we were pleased by your story on this method, which regulates conception without using means such as diaphragms, condoms or the Pill [RELIGION, Sept. 19]. Though the Roman Catholic Church is the major promoter of N.F.P., about half our client couples are non-Catholics (including Mennonites and Amish) who have chosen this way because of its lack of side effects, low cost and mutual male-female responsibility for family planning.

*Maria and Michael Hayes
Lancaster, Pa.*

With steadfastness and compassion, the Catholic Church may yet prevail in demonstrating that keeping moral standards comes naturally after all.

*George Knab
Washington*

I have tried to follow the tortuous path of the church in such matters, but I fell off the curve on this one. If the "natural" end of sexual intercourse is conception, any method of birth control is a violation of the philosophical position of the church. In truth, a couple may have intercourse only when there is the highest probability of conception—the direct opposite of the principle used in natural family planning. The result of this logic is, of course, the ultimate *reductio ad absurdum*.

*Park Shorthose
Honolulu*

New Orleans Sound

The quote attributed to me in your article on the Republican Convention in New Orleans [NATION, Aug. 29] is inaccurate. While I did state that a sound system brought into the Louisiana Superdome by the National Education Association, whose meeting preceded the Republicans', had worked to everyone's satisfaction, I at no time suggested that the Republicans in installing their own equipment had "reinvented the wheel" or that their sound system was "crummy." I didn't say it, and I don't believe it.

*Edward J. McNeill
Greater New Orleans Tourist & Convention
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Letters

Prison Policy

I am responding to your report on federal inmate Dannie Martin and his charge that he is being unfairly silenced (PRESS, Aug. 29). You incompletely related the details of the Federal Bureau of Prisons' policy on inmate writing. This case is not about access to the media. The bureau has a long-standing policy that permits inmates to correspond with the media freely and uncensored and for the press to interview or visit inmates. Martin ran afoul of the bureau's proscription against inmates' publishing under bylines or receiving wages for work from media outlets. This is considered conducting a business while confined—an activity that is in conflict with the judicial intent of a prison sentence. The bureau also takes the position that it is fundamentally unfair to permit some inmates to work for outside wages while others similarly confined are not able to supplement their prison income.

J. Michael Quinlan, Director
Federal Bureau of Prisons
Washington

The Real John Lennon

To those of us who grew up loving the Beatles and their music, the first moment of sadness occurred when John, Paul, George and Ringo went their separate ways. Next was the horror of John Lennon's violent death. Now comes the ultimate insult: Albert Goldman's biography (BOOKS, Sept. 12). The author may wish to portray the real Lennon, but the majority of us prefer to remember him as the musical genius he was: bouncing his knees in time to his music, sneering into cameras, laughing at the world.

Carol A. Petrone
Royal Oak, Mich.

I never really bought the image of Lennon and Yoko Ono baking muffins, reading bedtime stories and inventing lullabies for their son Sean. However, I take great exception to Goldman's postmortem, which almost appears to justify David Chapman's psychotic stalking of the Beatle. Is there no limit to the rage and jealousy inspired by gifted people?

Cynthia Singleton
New York City

It is the fashion to demythologize elite movers and shakers like Lennon; nevertheless, they remain extremely complex, and to strip them of myth does not necessarily reveal the truth of their character, talent or personality.

Alan Riches
Halifax

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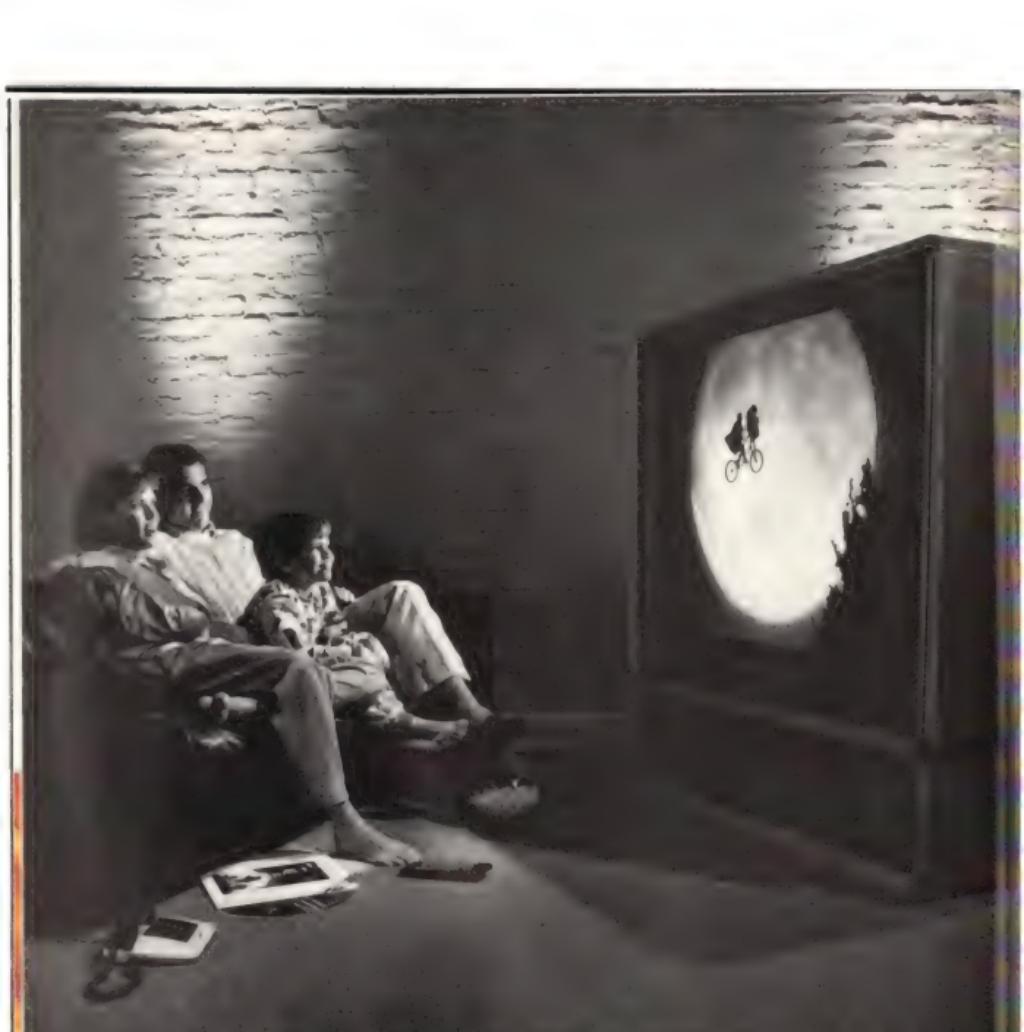
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American Scene

In Texas: Going for the "Bird"

Roger Welliver is flat. More than flat. He is almost completely off pitch. The song—*I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen*—calls for an F, but the note he is bellowing this scorching July morning in San Antonio is closer to a B flat. The problem is partly the fault of a ruddy young man in Big Smith overalls who has sounded the wrong note on a pitch pipe, but the small group of onlookers doesn't know that. They poke one another and guffaw.

The laughter doesn't faze Welliver, 42, a frozen-foods shipping clerk in Omaha. He is in ecstasy here on a stage at the

minute videotape of his gig. "This," he confides, "is something you dream about all your life."

He is followed at the mike by other champs-for-a-day: an accountant, a short-order cook named Larry, a computer specialist who beams while a wag introduces him as "the greatest lead voice from Florida." He bows and launches into *Everybody Wants to Go to Heaven*. Fellowship and fun count for more than tonal quality in barbershopping, a thriving movement that celebrates a unique song style: the four-part unaccompanied harmony that flourished at the turn of the



The Chiefs of Staff, 1988 barbershop champs: fun and nostalgia are the keynotes

Henry B. Gonzalez Convention Center, harmonizing with one of the finest quartets in the land, at the annual convention of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America. Welliver has paid \$20 to "Sing with the Champs"—an opportunity for rank-and-file barbershoppers to sing briefly onstage with a championship quartet—and he is paired with SPEBSQSA's 1986 gold medalists, a foursome of Missourians called Rural Route 4. He is dressed in the group's red bandanna, straw hat and work boots.

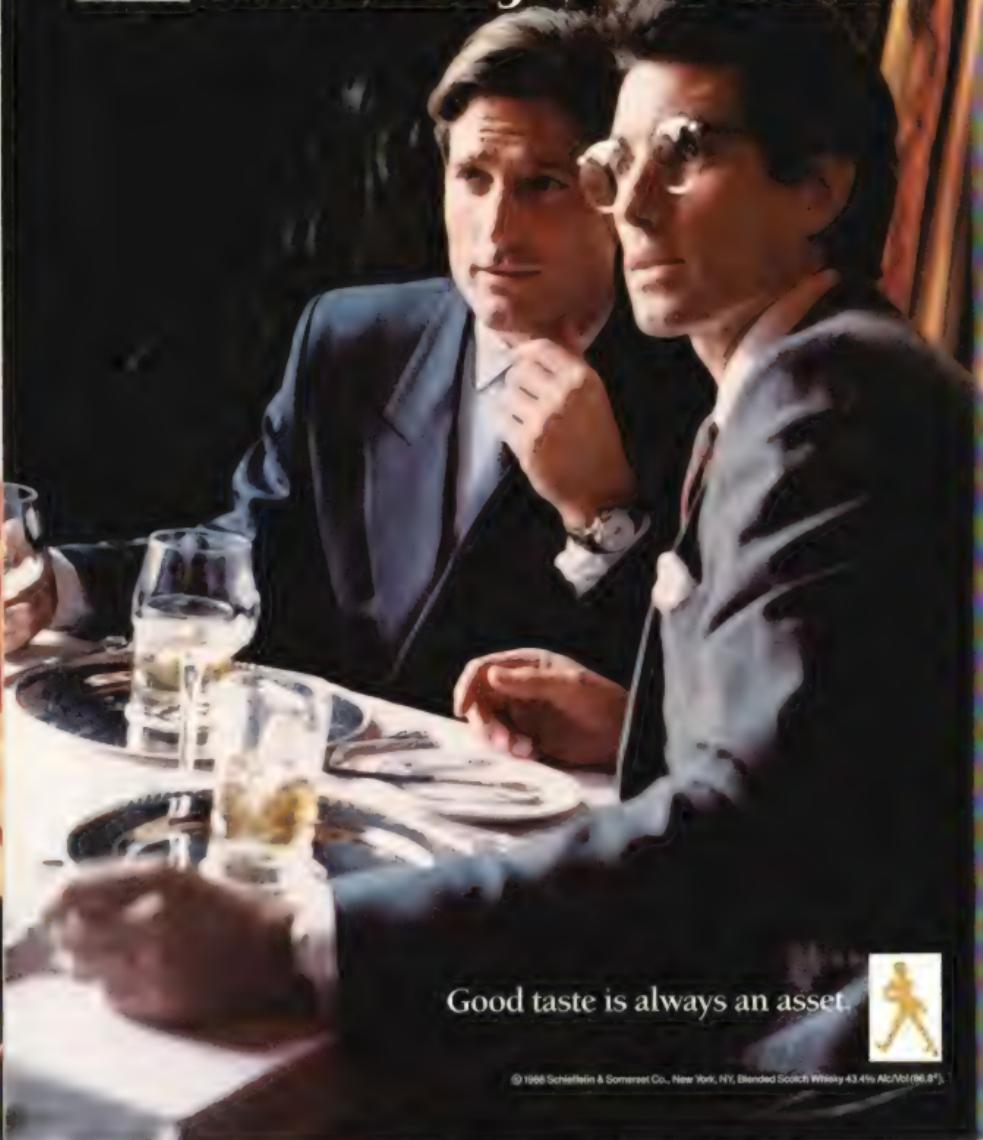
As video cameras and tape recorders grind, Welliver and the champs back up and take another crack at *Kathleen*. This time the melody sparkles. Welliver, after all, is no tyro. He has been singing tenor in the Omaha Central Statesmen Chorus for 14 years. But like most of the 6,500 barbershoppers here, he will admit, he isn't quite competition caliber. The bystanders applaud, and Welliver hustles off, tightly clutching for posterity the two-

century on porches, street corners, saloons and, yes, barbershops across America. In its early years, barbershop singing was pretty much a male preserve, but today both men and women perform. SPEBSQSA is an organization for men interested in preserving barbershop harmony; Sweet Adelines and Harmony Incorporated are similar groups for women.

On the city's Riverwalk and in hotel lobbies and elevators, where the songsters break out in "woodshedding"—the impromptu jam-session-like warbling of old chestnuts—the camaraderie runs thick. At the Hyatt Regency, three old-timers search the crowd for a baritone. "Come over here, Jamie," one hollers. *Let Me Call You Sweetheart* suddenly gushes forth, halting a bellman in his tracks.

This year the week of hoopla is more intense than usual because the society is marking its 50th anniversary. Quartets and choruses from six countries are on hand. England's Northernaires and Sweden's Vocal Vikings among them. A

**"She was Law Review.
And she drinks Johnnie Walker"**

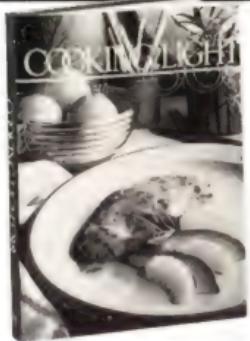


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American Scene

grand march through downtown brings out a galaxy of past champs. The Dukes of Harmony, 1977 and 1980 gold medalists, are prominent in a blue Ford Model A. The Gay Notes, 1958 titlists, cruise by in a '58 Edsel. Old quartets endure as much for their catchy names as their sounds. The Gala Lads and Chord Busters are here. The Four Hearsemen, who swept the 1955 sing-off garbed as undertakers, have trekked south from Amarillo. But now they are minus their lead tenor, who has passed on.

Cries of recognition resonate through the live oaks as old barbershoppers spy one another in the crowd. A bass from San Diego embraces a long-lost bass from Long Island. The Californian has tow his 26-year-old son, also a barbershopper. "How many things can you do with your boy and really enjoy?" he asks. Certainly few that are so indelibly G-rated. The society adheres to a ten-point code of ethics, and a committee is available to punish those who might splice their lyrics with a double entendre or even a Swedish joke. The panel hasn't had to meet in years. "People like to ridicule us as a bunch of squares," declares Sarasota, Fla., anesthesiologist Hank Vomacka with a wink. "But they keep coming back to listen."

A lanky tenor named Franklin Spears, swigging a can of Lone Star, lends his insight. "The nice thing about barbershopping," he confides, "is you don't know what the guy singing next to you does for a living, and you don't care." Spears happens to be a justice of the Texas Supreme Court, and he gloats, "I've been here three days, and I haven't talked about a case once."

The mood is far more serious in the rehearsal rooms of the 51 quartets that are vying for the international championship. Singers pace, vocalizing bits and pieces of their lyrics, all the while sipping glass after glass of water to lubricate their cords. Among such polished foursomes, the margin of victory will hang on fine points: how well a group conveys the mood and emotion of a song and how precisely its singers blend their four notes to produce a fifth, wholly new harmonic. That high, ringing fifth tone—the overtone, or "bird"—is the goal that every barbershop quartet strives for.

The smart money favors three entries: the Second Edition, a young, laid-back bunch from Louisville that placed second last year; the Chicago Chord of Trude, led by an ex-gold medalist who does his own arranging; and the Chiefs of Staff, another seasoned Chicago outfit, known for its consistency of tone. But no one is counting out the Chordiac Arrest from Northbrook, Ill., or the Inns 'n Outs from Houston. The contest will ride on style and panache and the electricity that each foursome can generate in the hall.

Style and showmanship are also basic to barbershopping. "There's a lot of ham in all of us," the Texas judge admits. And ego. This is a mutual admiration society.



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G) Total:	5,442,000

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Douglas Kniffin, Business Manager

American Scene

where singers feed off plaudits from their peers. The moment in the lights is everything. "Barbershopping is Broadway," a Dallas voice points out. "You've made it here. Guys who didn't know they could carry a tune outside the shower—everybody is a star."

Hotel message boards reflect the close fraternity of men, and their wives, many of them members of the Adelines. "The Redwoods from N.Z. Are in Room 1109." "Alice and Albert, Have a Nice Day, John." At the souvenir tables, singers snatch up LPs by grand masters and \$27 home-study tapes—*Theory of Harmony, How to Warm Up Your Voice*. The camaraderie extends to the contest stage. The battle is to win, not to beat the other guy. "We're the competition," notes a Chief of Staff. No candy-shirted drunks around a barber pole at this convention. For the final rounds, the costuming is ingenious. Houston's Inns Outts strut onstage painted up as the four gray visages of Mount Rushmore. A Virginia quartet appears as clowns. Florida's Sidekicks prance on as doctors and plumbers. But the twelve judges are looking for more than slapstick. "Too much theatrics detract from sound quality," sniffs one.

By the last night, the 51 entries have been culled to ten. The Chord of Trade, in top hats and tails, wows the hall with *Give My Regards to Broadway*. They seem to win hands down on presence and arrangement, but something lacks, and they must settle for third. The Second Edition has easily made the cut too but is haunted by a mediocre first round. Tonight in rhinestone tuxes, they bring the crowd to a frenzy with *Darktown Strutters' Ball*. Cumulative scores add them in, however, and they finish second.

No such problem for the Chiefs. For a week their tenor and baritone have been battling colds. The tenor popped antibiotics and hunkered in a sauna. Maybe the lack of hard practice helps. In gray tuxes, they captivate the crowd with a medley of lilting love songs. Vowels echo rich and uniform down the darkened rows of fellow singers. Their voices have caught the elusive bird, and the overtones ring clear and shrill. Afterward, as they pace backstage awaiting results, someone is afraid that they missed the real essence. The judges disagree and give them first prize.

"Did you hear the bird screaming?" crows bass Don Bagley as he juggles the 40-lb. silver trophy. "It makes the hair stand on your neck." Bagley, 48, exults, "It's taken me 27 years to get up here. It will take 27 to get down."

Gold medals on their necks, the weary champs strut into the night. Now they must "take Kathleen home again" at a string of receptions, where they will be expected to sing till dawn. But none of the four is unhappy at the thought. "Where else," asks tenor Tim McShane, a utility-company dispatcher, "can I hear such applause? Where can I be such a weekend star?"

—By Richard Woodbury

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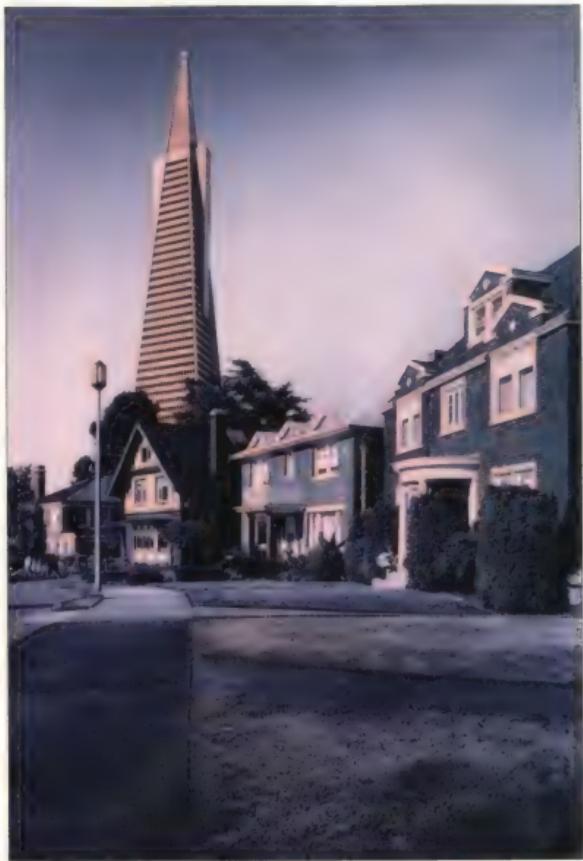


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Space

TIME/OCTOBER 10, 1988

COVER STORY

The Magic Is Back!

On a thundering pillar of fire, Discovery carries the nation's hopes aloft again

For the more than 1 million Americans who crowded the beaches and causeways around the Kennedy Space Center last week, and for millions of other Americans clustered around TV sets, the tension was palpable. As the countdown clock flashed out the number of seconds until lift-off, the eyes of an entire nation focused on Launch Pad 39-B and the gleaming white shuttle *Discovery*, flanked by its two solid rocket boosters and clinging to the side of the giant, rust-colored external fuel tank. In the minds of many, however, another vision intruded: the hellish yellow-orange burst in the middle of a Y-shaped cloud that 32 months earlier had marked the destruction of the shuttle *Challenger*.

Finally, spectators joined in for the last 15 seconds of countdown, the engines ignited and the shuttle rose majestically from the pad, carrying its crew of five veteran

astronauts. Over the space center's loudspeakers came the triumphant announcement: "Americans return to space, as *Discovery* clears the tower." But the cheers were muted as the crowd—many with clenched fists, gritted teeth and teary eyes—nervously watched the spacecraft rise on its pillar of flame, then begin its roll out over the Atlantic. Again the visions of *Challenger* arose. Now the loudspeakers carried the voice of Mission Control in Houston, which took over from the Kennedy controllers seven seconds into the flight. "Go at throttle up," Houston called at around the 70-second mark, and more than a few stomachs knotted. That was the last command heard by the crew of *Challenger*, which exploded seconds later. "I was saying 'Please, please' as *Discovery* passed the 73-second mark," says Psam Ordner, wife of a Houston space engineer.

Discovery commander Rick Hauck



On rockets, which had a million prayers on, an emotion-filled onlooker watches the lift-off





Space

tions and fixed all that we wanted," says Robert B. Hotz, a member of the Rogers commission. "There was a whole series of potential accidents waiting to happen. I'm pleased with what NASA has done so far."

Of all the changes, none was more carefully scrutinized than the redesign of what proved to be *Challenger's* fatal flaw: the joint between segments of the solid-fuel rocket booster. Zeroing in on the booster joints, which are sealed by rubber O rings that are supposed to prevent leaks of superhot gas from the burning fuel, a team composed of outside experts as well as specialists from NASA and Morton Thiokol, manufacturer of the rocket, evolved a design that eventually withstood five full-scale, two-minute stationary firing tests at Thiokol's Utah proving grounds.

Still, gnawing doubts remained. Despite exhaustive ground testing of the new and modified shuttle parts, none had been tried in the harsh environment of a launch, or in orbit or re-entry. Moreover, some of them are among the more than 1,500 "criticality I" parts—that is, items without backup whose failure could end the mission, perhaps catastrophically.

NASA took steps to improve the astronauts' chances of survival should such a mishap occur. For the first time since the summer of 1982, the crew left the launch pad ensconced in bulky space suits, each partly pressurized and equipped with an oxygen tank.

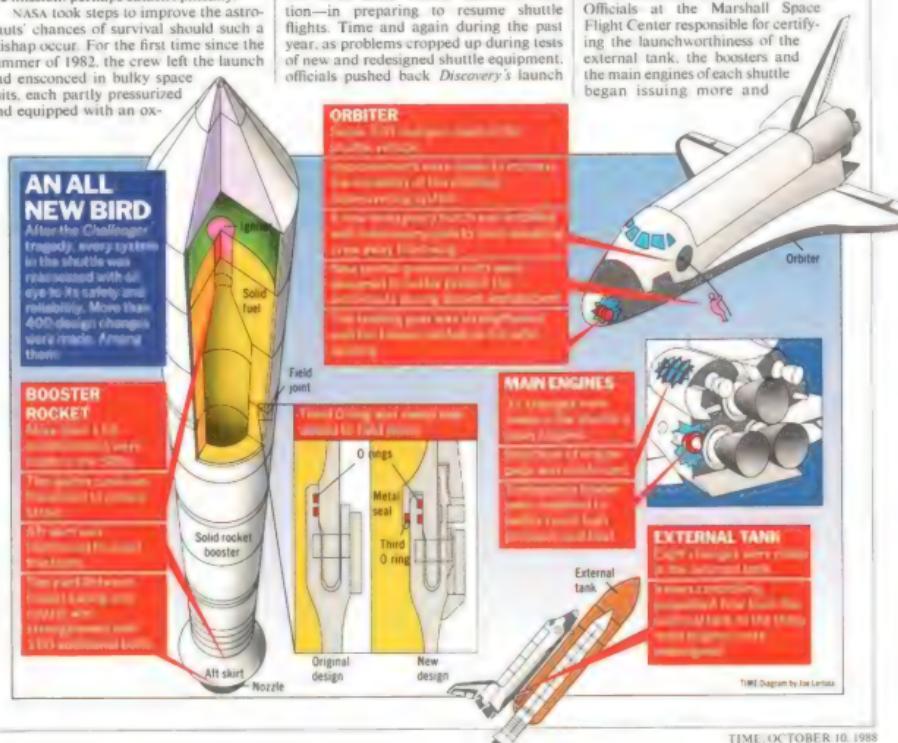
ygen tank, a parachute and an inflatable raft. In addition, a new emergency escape system was designed to give the astronauts a chance to leave the orbiter quickly in the event of a "benign disaster" after the boosters had fallen away. In such a crisis, the crew would jettison the huge external fuel tank and stabilize the winged orbiter into a downward glide. Then, when the craft descended to an altitude of about 30,000 ft., the astronauts would set off explosive bolts, blowing a newly installed hatch off the ship, and extend the 12-ft. telescoping escape pole, which is positioned to guide them away from the orbiter's wing and tail. One by one, each would slip a ring attached to his suit around the pole and would slide off into the thin air, deploy his parachute and drop into the ocean, where his radio transmitter would lead rescuers to him. The escape procedure would work, of course, only under circumstances that leave the vehicle intact and under control.

Right up to the moment of *Discovery's* launch, the space agency displayed caution—and in the view of some critics, excessive caution—in preparing to resume shuttle flights. Time and again during the past year, as problems cropped up during tests of new and redesigned shuttle equipment, officials pushed back *Discovery's* launch.

date, from February to August, finally settling on Sept. 29. Even during the final stages of the countdown, mission manager Crippen polled top weather advisers individually before waiving the restriction about the winds aloft.

NASA's new manner was in marked contrast to its bold, often arrogant and occasionally careless approach in pre-Challenger days. NASA initially promoted the shuttle as a routine "space truck," an efficient, economical transport vehicle capable of lofting any payload—commercial, scientific or military—into orbit. Washington succumbed to that pitch, allowing NASA to decree that expendable rockets such as the Delta, Atlas and Titan be phased out in favor of the shuttle.

But behind NASA's confident façade, reality was beginning to set in. Beseiged by technical problems and delayed launches, the agency reduced its estimate of annual launches from 60 to 40, then to 24, but was unable to attain even that. Given the shuttle program's tremendous overhead and fewer flights, the cost for each launch rose from a promised \$10 million to as high as \$300 million. In a frantic effort to accelerate its schedule, NASA began to cut corners. Officials at the Marshall Space Flight Center responsible for certifying the launchworthiness of the external tank, the boosters and the main engines of each shuttle began issuing more and





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Space

more waivers on questionable "criticality" items like the O rings that had shown signs of erosion and charring on earlier flights. In fact *Challenger* was flown with at least four procedural waivers.

The *Challenger* explosion confirmed what some critics had been saying from the outset: the U.S. had grievously miscalculated in putting all its space eggs into the shuttle basket. The Pentagon, long suspicious of the shuttle's reliability, wrangled appropriations from Congress to build eleven Titan 34-D rockets for military missions. The nation's scientists, for their part, despaired at the eagerly awaited shuttle launch of the Hubble space telescope, which could revolutionize astronomy by extending our view to the edges of the universe, fell years behind schedule. Crucial deadlines were missed for shuttle launches of the planetary probes *Magellan*, designed to map the surface of Venus; *Galileo*, to survey Jupiter and its moons; and *Ulysses*, to conduct solar studies from a polar orbit around the sun.

As a result of its difficulties, NASA has lost potential commercial clients to the European Space Agency, which will put payloads into orbit aboard unmanned Ariane rockets at bargain prices (cost about \$40 million per payload). Even more galling was last month's decision by the Reagan Administration to allow China to launch two U.S. communications satellites, a move that stunned the fledgling U.S. commercial rocket industry. "That hurt, and hurt hard," says an executive of one U.S. firm. "We wanted those birds."

Belatedly aware of the folly of total dependence on manned launch vehicles to deploy spacecraft, the U.S. has been forced to play a catch-up game. Since January 1986, the Soviets have launched scores of satellites, sent two scientific probes to Mars, and ferried a stream of cosmonauts between the earth and the space station Mir—all with the aid of antiquated but tried-and-true expendable rockets. In the process, they have pushed far ahead of the U.S. in knowledge of the effects of extended space flight on humans.

With the shuttle back in space, the U.S. may begin to reduce the Soviet advantage. In addition to one more flight this year, NASA has scheduled seven for 1989, ten for 1990, nine for 1991 and 13 for 1992. For the time being, the Pentagon remains partly dependent on the shuttle. Its high-resolution "keyhole" photo-reconnaissance satellite, which will be used in part to monitor Soviet compliance with nuclear arms-reduction treaties, will be aboard the next shuttle. Scientists too have been granted accommodations aboard the *Atlantis* in April 1989, the next opportunity to launch the *Magellan* mission, and the following October for the *Galileo* probe. The Hubble telescope may

finally get off the ground in February 1990, and *Ulysses* in October of that year.

Despite the excitement about *Discovery*'s mission, and the talk of the U.S. space program getting back on track, some caution flags were raised last week. "It was an impressive and important first step," says John Logsdon, director of George Washington University's Space Policy Institute. "But many of the problems that have been there are still there." Those problems are legion. For starters, the shuttle's complex-

portance in building the proposed space station scheduled for the mid-1990s. Just last week the U.S. signed an agreement with eleven Western nations to undertake jointly the construction of the manned outpost, which would require 20 shuttle flights. Both presidential candidates support the ambitious plans for the station. But neither has yet explained how he would justify its estimated \$30 billion cost or said precisely how he thinks it should be used.

Others are just as vague. Should the station be a research and manufacturing facility for performing microgravity experiments and making substances not possible on earth? An assembly platform for the large craft needed to carry humans to Mars? A combination of both? In fact, a station is not needed for former astronaut Sally Ride's "Mission to Planet Earth," a proposal to study the earth's environment and atmosphere from satellites. And some argue that it may not even be needed for another major space project: a permanent manned base on the moon.

What is needed, says Logsdon, is "a purposeful, well-funded, coherent program. That, I think the country wants, and that is waiting for the next President to shape—early in his Administration." NASA adviser Alan Ladwig agrees and urges "a national commitment to space. It's up to the White House and Congress to lead. It's not NASA's job anymore."

At week's end NASA's immediate job was clearly delineated: to complete *Discovery*'s mission and bring it safely back to earth. Aboard the spacecraft, the astronauts attended to a few glitches, including a nagging problem in the craft's cooling system and a balky antenna on a communications instrument, which they managed to retract. They worked on science experiments, played tapes of classical and pop music and shot pictures of Pacific thunderstorms, of a lava flow in Ethiopia and of coastal erosion wreaked by Hurricane Gilbert in Yucatan.

On Sunday the astronauts were expected to conduct an in-flight televised news conference, announce plans for a memorial to the *Challenger* astronauts and complete their science experiments. Then, if all went well, they were to stow their gear and make other preparations for an early Monday-afternoon landing at California's Edwards Air Force Base. *Discovery*'s dramatic mission will be over. But an even more pressing mission—returning America to space with a meaningful and long-range program—is just beginning.

By Leon Jaroff

Reported by Glenn Garelik and Jerry Hannin/Cape Canaveral and Richard Woodbury/Houston

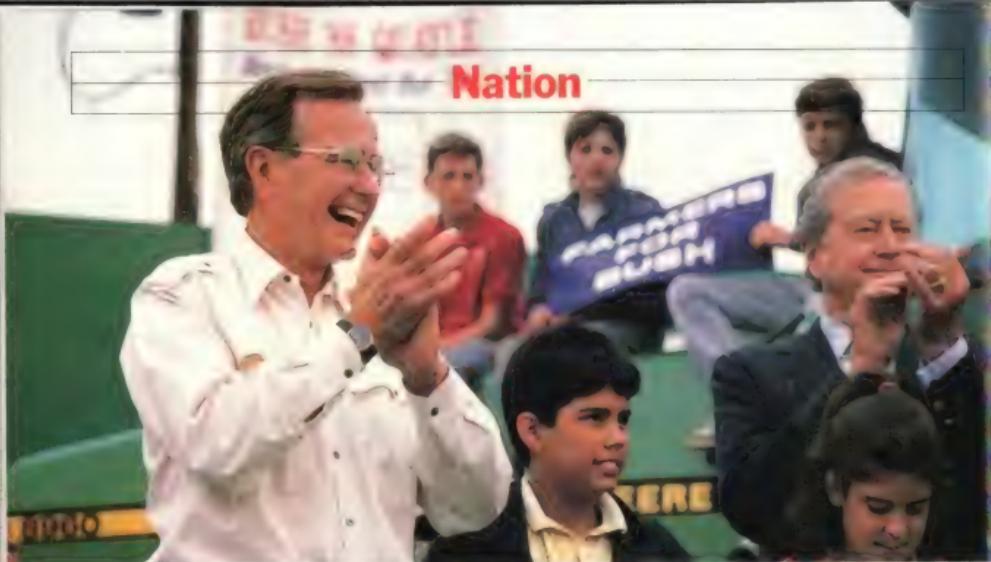


Desiree of Our Future: manned U.S. space station

ity and NASA's heightened concern for safety lead many experts to doubt the agency's ability to hold to even its relatively modest schedule of 18 more flights between now and the end of 1990. Richard Truly, the agency's space-flight director, concedes that improvements can be made. "You can't have too much safety in a program," he says. "But you can have procedures that don't contribute to it." And he vows to fix those.

By far the most serious stumbling block to a smooth shuttle operation is the simple fact that the U.S. space program, and thus the purpose of the shuttle itself, is still ill defined and adrift. Unless a strong consensus emerges for clear national priorities in space, the situation is unlikely to change. With the completion of the *Discovery* mission, NASA will doubtless argue that the shuttle is of crucial im-

Nation



Bush in Illinois, trying to expel his rival from the mainstream: "I am with the American people, and I share your values."

CYNTHIA JOHNSON

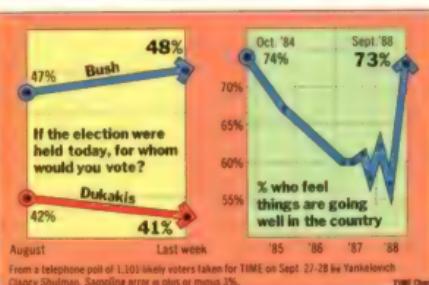
Congeniality Wins

In a TIME poll, Dukakis takes the debate but Bush stays ahead

"How many of you thought I won?" a jaunty Michael Dukakis asked his audience in Peoria, Ill. Loud cheers made it unanimous; the Democrat had bested George Bush in their debate two days earlier. Even the Vice President's aides privately agreed. A few of them came close to panic during the debate, fearful that Bush's skittish performance would create a reaction that "could roll out of control," as one adviser put it. Their sudden anxiety turned out to be as baseless as Dukakis' new-brio. By week's end a TIME poll flashed a different verdict: the public credits Dukakis as a debater but leans to Bush for President.

The TIME survey, conducted by Yankelevich Clancy Shulman, gives Bush a seven-point advantage. While that lead is neither large enough nor firm enough to predict the election's outcome, its ingredients are increasingly difficult for Dukakis

to overcome in the five weeks left. Bush is prospering in part because American voters feel bullish about the state of the country: 73% of those likely to vote feel things are going "fairly well or very well," the highest proportion since October 1984. That sense of well being is boosting esteem for Ronald Reagan. His approval rating is 57%, higher than it has been for nearly two years. As the loyal crown prince, Bush benefits



From a telephone poll of 1,101 likely voters taken for TIME on Sept. 27-28 by Yankelevich Clancy Shulman. Sampling error is plus or minus 3%.

from the monarch's standing.

The Vice President may fumble in debate, and some of his views are found elusive (51% say Bush is "avoiding the real issues" of the campaign; 41% say the same of Dukakis). Bush's choice of Dan Quayle as his running mate also arouses opposition (47% say it reflects unfavorably on Bush's ability to make important presidential decisions). But the electorate does not find these shortcomings decisive. Dukakis, meanwhile, has been unable to change the negative image of him created by Bush's harsh attacks throughout the summer: 36% of probable voters have an unfavorable impression of him vs. 48% favorable, a slightly worse number than a month earlier. Bush gets a sunnier score of 56% favorable, 34% unfavorable. On critical questions such as which candidate can better manage the economy or deal with the Soviet Union, Bush beats Dukakis by margins as large as he held immediately after the Republican



Dukakis in New Jersey, waging class warfare with new brio: "Voters have to think. That's what this election is all about."

CUT 4 E-1-55

Convention. Even on matters of style, Bush does well. Although voters judged Dukakis the "better debater," they found Bush "more presidential" and "more likable"—qualities far more likely to guide them in the voting booth.

Democrats take some consolation from continued softness in the public's commitment to either candidate. More than a quarter of the probable voters in last week's survey said they were either undecided or might change their minds before Election Day. However, Bush's support is firmer than Dukakis'. 88% of Republicans are committed to Bush, while only 73% of Democrats back Dukakis. The critical difference in party loyalty is among Democrats who voted for Reagan in 1984. In August's TIME poll, they tilted toward Dukakis 49% to 35%, but last week Reagan Democrats supported Bush 48% to 40%. Unless Dukakis can recapture that group and increase his support among independents, who favor Bush 49% to 33%, the Governor will spend 1989 cleaning up Boston Harbor rather than negotiating with Mikhail Gorbachev.

Can it be done? Yes, but not easily. To begin with, Dukakis must find a way to reduce the age gap. While voters over 35 in TIME's poll divide evenly between the two candidates, those between 18 and 34 go for Bush 60% to 33%. Many younger Americans know only Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan as Presidents. The comparison tips them to the Republicans. Dukakis must exploit—with far more skill than he has shown so far—the latent anxiety among voters that today's prosperity may be gone tomorrow. And he needs to arouse a higher level of indignation than now exists toward inequities fos-

tered by Reaganomics. He has openings for such attacks: a majority of voters (52% vs. 40%) say they want the next President to pursue new policies rather than continue Reagan's.

But for most of the campaign, Dukakis has failed to convey his economic mes-

sage in vivid, kitchen-table terms. "He needs to make it more of a statement of principle," says Democratic pollster Stanley Greenberg. "When he gets done speaking, voters have to think, 'That's what this election is all about.' Time is very short, but there is some time. Last week, juiced up by his favorable debate reviews, Dukakis waged class warfare with more gusto than he usually displays. He belabored Bush repeatedly for ignoring the concerns of ordinary families as they try to educate their young, care for their sick and provide for their own retirement. Dukakis depicted his opponent as a "Santa Claus to the rich and Ebenezer Scrooge to the rest of us."

Bush, who has spent most of his energy shoving his opponent out of the mainstream, knows he must protect his middle-class flank with some positive programs. But he is still busy depicting Dukakis as a hopeless leftie out of touch with the instincts of Middle America. "The liberals hate it," he chortled while touring rural Illinois by bus. "They can't stand it. But I am right. I am with the American people, and I share your values." Policy wonks and others who find Bush's prattle about the Pledge of Allegiance and the American Civil Liberties Union irrelevant or offensive argue that the electorate will demand more substance from the Vice President before Election Day. Perhaps. But Bush doubtless remembers the way Reagan partisans smeared him during the 1980 primaries because of his prior membership in the Trilateral Commission. Bush has learned many lessons from Reagan. They have worked for him so far in 1988, and he needs to milk them only until Nov. 8.

By Laurence I. Barrett

Which candidate would do a better job?	Dukakis	Bush
Attacking the drug problem	35%	39%
Keeping the economy strong	36%	51%
Helping the homeless	58%	24%
Reducing the deficit	37%	39%
Keeping inflation under control	31%	51%
Maintaining a strong defense	24%	63%
Dealing with the Soviet Union	27%	56%
Protecting the environment	42%	35%
Curbing crime	34%	46%
Ensuring honesty in Government	41%	33%

THE DEBATE	Dukakis	Bush
Was more believable	40%	39%
Had a better command of the facts	44%	35%
Had more to say on the issues	41%	31%
Was a better debater	54%	22%
Looked more presidential	34%	44%
Was more likable	38%	44%

Asked of the 10% who saw the debate

Are You Better Off?

For much of the middle class, the answer is no—yet it isn't hurting Bush



Unemployment is near a 14-year low. Inflation has been cut to about a third of its pace in the early 1980s. Interest rates are only half as high as eight years ago. The U.S. economy shrugged off the October 1987 stock-market crash to record a sixth straight year of growth, a feat unprecedented during peacetime. So why, given the fact that pocketbook issues eventually dominate almost every presidential campaign, is George Bush not running away with the election?

One reason is fear that gargantuan budget and trade deficits may yet cause prosperity to fizzle. But there is also a feeling that something is wrong with the boom, that general prosperity is not bringing as much of the good life as the rosy numbers indicate. Though the wealthy are doing noticeably better, most middle-class Americans feel squeezed. They are struggling harder—and often depending on two incomes when one sufficed for their parents—to pay for housing, tuition and other expenses that have gone up much faster than inflation.

The Reagan boom, for all its success, has not distributed its benefits evenly. It is a theme Dukakis is stressing more and more in his campaign. "In the past seven years," he declares, "the rich have gotten richer, the poor have gotten poorer, and those in the middle--that's most of us--have gotten squeezed."

The trend can hardly be blamed entirely on the Reagan Administration. Economic inequality has been growing through 15 years and four presidencies; it grew especially rapidly through the stagflation of the late 1970s. Bush's economic advisers argue that Reaganesque prosperity has increased the inflation-adjusted incomes of all classes at least since the end of the 1982 recession. In other words, while the rich are indeed getting richer, the poor have stopped getting poorer.

True enough—but not good enough. For while the gains made by the rich have been spectacular, those of the middle class have been barely sufficient, and those of the poor not quite sufficient, to get them back where they were twelve to 15 years ago. So the gap between rich and poor is still growing—to its widest point in 40 years, according to the calculations of some liberal economists. And that trend is alarming. Whether or not it influences this year's election, it could, if it continues, threaten the American Dream itself.

The Dream has many parts: a comfortable house in a tree-shaded neighbor-

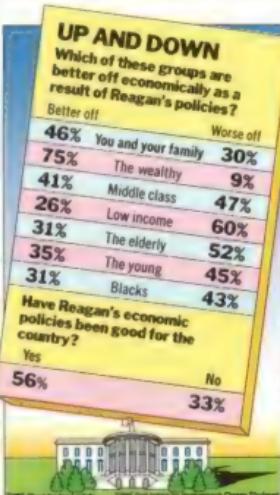
hood, a car, and college educations for the children. But at bottom it is based on two simple articles of national faith: 1) that each generation will live a bit better than that of its parents and build a still better life for its children; 2) that the nation will slowly but steadily progress toward greater equality. These twin pillars of belief have helped create the political and social stability—and the economic dynamism—that have charac-

families, income has rocketed 74%, from \$174,000 a year to \$304,000. By some estimates, the U.S. has a million millionaires (defined as someone who has a net worth of at least \$1 million). Says California Democratic Congressman George Miller, who chairs a committee that deals with family problems: "We're creating a dumbbell. The poor are poorer, and there are more of them. The rich are richer, and there are more of them."

And the middle class? As some of its members fall into poverty and others acquire wealth, it has been shrinking. Economic consultant and investment adviser Gary Shilling calculates that the group made up of households earning from \$20,000 to \$60,000 a year in inflation-adjusted 1985 dollars has dwindled from 53% of the nation in 1973 to 49% in 1985. Median family income is about \$30,850, almost exactly what it was 15 years ago when inflation is factored in. But even that may overstate the fortunes of the middle class, whose living standards have gone down in several ways:

Dual Incomes: For many families, it takes two jobs to get by. Last year about 65% of all mothers, including 51% of those with infants under the age of one, were either holding jobs or looking for them. Many women, of course, work because they enjoy the independence and broader horizons that a job outside the home entails. But an even larger number of mothers would rather stay home to raise their children; they feel driven to take jobs by sheer economic necessity. These mothers, and their families, have lost a key choice as to how they will arrange their lives.

Housing: One of the proudest achievements of the post-World War II economy was converting the U.S. from a nation of renters to one of homeowners. But in the past eight years, home ownership has declined for the first time since 1940. The fall has been sharpest for young families; for people between 35 and 39, the percentage owning their own homes has dropped from 61% to 53% since Reagan became President. Middle-class salaries have simply fallen far short of the inflation in housing costs: today's average home buyer has to save 50% of a full year's income just to put up the down payment, as opposed to 33% in 1978. As a result, those buying homes tend increasingly to be those lucky enough to have parents from whom they can borrow money. Then, when they need a bigger home to accommodate a growing family, often the best they can hope for is to in-



terized the U.S. for more than a century.

Through the 1950s and '60s the Dream seemed to be coming true. But beginning with the oil shock of the early '70s and continuing through the stagflation at the end of that decade, the fortunes of different income groups diverged. And contrary to most expectations, the divergence has persisted through the recovery that followed the vicious 1982 recession.

From 1977 to 1988, the inflation-adjusted income of the families who make up the poorest 10% of the population has declined more than 10%. The total number of people living below the poverty line fell from almost 40 million in 1960 to less than 23 million in 1973, but shot up to 35.3 million in 1983 and has remained near there ever since.

Meanwhile, for the richest 1% of all

herit their parents' house rather than to build or buy a bigger one themselves.

Education: Saving to send even one child to college puts millions of middle-class parents on an ever accelerating treadmill. According to the Senate education subcommittee, the full annual costs at a private college come to \$12,924 a student. That represents 40% or so of a median family's total income. Parents who send a son or daughter to a public college can expect to pay \$5,823 this year, or almost 20% of median family income. Many parents have two or more children in college at the same time, and the Reagan Administration has made student loans harder to get.

But many parents feel they have no choice. A college diploma, once the passport to upward mobility, is becoming a necessity just to avoid falling out of the middle class. Frank Levy, a University of Maryland economist, calculates that in the early 1970s a 30-year-old male college graduate could expect to earn at least 15% more than a 30-year-old with a high school diploma. By 1986 the gap had grown to 49%.

Reagan came to power largely because he promised to revive the American Dream, which he said was being strangled by high taxation. Indeed, through most of the 1970s, wages rose less than prices but enough to push taxpayers into higher brackets. The double whammy of higher prices and higher taxes cut into the purchasing power of the middle class more than into that of the rich.

Reagan's tax cuts only worsened the skew. Though income tax rates were reduced in all brackets, the cuts were tilted heavily toward the upper end of the scale. In addition, Social Security taxes about tripled, to a top of \$3,379.50 this year. The blow fell most heavily on the middle and lower classes, since the Social Security tax exempts the portion of wage and salary incomes above \$45,000 a year and all income from interest, dividends and rent. The result: according to a Congressional Budget Office study, only the top 10% of the population received a significant net tax cut between 1977 and 1988; most of the other 90% paid a higher share of their

incomes to Washington. At the extremes, the richest 1% got a net tax savings of 25%; the poorest tenth of workers saw 20% more of their incomes swallowed by taxes.

Dukakis has tried hard to make an issue of the middle-class squeeze. He has proposed programs to relieve specific discontents. One would give students the rest of their lives to repay their college loans; another would require employers to buy health insurance for 22 million workers who have none. Bush, too, has seen the need to cater to the middle class. Last week he announced a plan that would allow savers to deposit \$1,000 a year in accounts that would pay tax-deferred interest. Dukakis responded by waving a crumpled \$20 bill to represent the amount an average family could benefit in one year.

Still, the issue has not exactly caught fire. If middle-class discontent has been strong enough so far to deny Bush the landslide that unemployment and inflation figures might lead a follower of conventional wisdom to expect, it has not been sufficiently powerful to keep Dukakis from running behind. Many Americans, of course, base their votes on non-economic criteria. Others associate Democrats with 1970s stagflation; they think, rightly or wrongly, that the Reagan expansion will continue and eventually improve their own financial status. Those who are hazily aware that their relative position is slipping often refuse to admit, even to themselves, that they are losing upward mobility. More important, the poor and many in the lower middle class by and large may grumble but do not vote; the ranks of those who do vote are filled disproportionately by the rich and upper middle classes.

Over the longer run, however, the trend toward inequality is rife with the potential for social and political conflict—not just between classes but within the middle class. The differing prospects between its college-educated members and those who go no further than high school is one potential source of antagonism. Another is the growing cleavage between young and old. While young cou-

ples wonder if they can ever buy their dream house—or any house—people of their parents' generation are sitting on a gold mine. Many have paid off low-interest mortgages on houses bought a quarter-century ago for around \$20,000 and now worth perhaps ten times that.

Social Security incomes of the elderly, unlike the salaries of their children, are indexed against inflation. And while Medicare pays many bills for those over 65, some 37 million younger Americans have no health insurance at all.

Growing inequality could even threaten those who now benefit from it by putting an end to the economic expansion. An extreme concentration of wealth and income during the 1920s was a leading cause of the Great Depression. Marriner Eccles, a Republican banker from Utah who became head of the Federal Reserve Board in the 1930s, explained, "While the national income rose to

+37.3%

+27.4%

+7.9%

+5.4%

+3%

+1.1%

+0.2%

-0.4%

-1.2%

-1.3%

The richest 5%, earning \$94,476 in 1977, made \$129,762 in 1988

\$3,673
in '77
\$3,286
in '88

\$11,180
in '77
\$11,049
in '88

\$7,374
in '77
\$7,277
in '88

\$14,910
in '77
\$14,851
in '88

\$18,783
in '77
\$18,817
in '88

\$22,911
in '77
\$23,172
in '88

\$27,316
in '77
\$28,147
in '88

\$32,862
in '77
\$34,647
in '88

\$40,845
in '77
\$44,058
in '88

\$73,348
in '77
\$93,464
in '88

Source: Congressional Budget Office

TIME Chart by Cynthia Davis

29

RICHER AND POORER

Percent decrease or increase in average family income after taxes from 1977 to 1988, adjusted for inflation
(All figures in 1988 dollars)



The poorest 10% of the population earned \$3,673 in 1977 but only \$3,286 in 1988

-10.5%

high levels, it was so distributed that the incomes of the majority were entirely inadequate, and business activity was sustained only by a rapid and unsound increase in the private debt structure." Today there are disturbing parallels. Some 55% of American households owe more than they own in financial assets. And in 1985 household debt relative to disposable income reached a postwar high of 88%. Nor is economic inequality necessary for an efficient economic marketplace.

What to do? Sheldon Danziger, director of the Institute for Research on Poverty, warns against anything other than closely targeted approaches to the problems of the poor. "In the 1970s I would have said we should have a guaranteed annual income. I don't say that now. We have learned that blunt instruments don't work." Making the income tax system more progressive would seem an obvious step, but economists warn that it has its limits. Says Gary Burtless of the Brookings Institution: "There are estimates suggesting that if we raise tax rates on people making more than \$40,000, they will actually work harder. Unfortunately, they will probably also work harder to avoid taxes." Indeed, the most immediate threat to prosperity is the budget deficit, and many ideas for reducing it involve *more* austerity for the middle and lower classes—for example, a value-added tax, a kind of national sales tax, to discourage consumption and promote savings, and further cuts in Government programs aimed at the working poor. And however attractive the idea may sound, the fact is that the budget deficit cannot be reduced significantly by taxing only the rich.

The most sensible, though politically explosive, step would be to tax Social Security payments like ordinary income as is done with private pensions. The low-income elderly would still be lightly taxed; those with higher incomes would pay enough more to provide money that could be used to invest in basic medical care for children and to provide larger earned-income tax credits for the working poor who receive few welfare benefits. When the time comes to increase taxes to balance the budget—and come it will, however much politicians shrink in horror from the "T" word—consideration must be given to making the wealthy pay a larger share. Tax rates that range up to 70%, as they did before the Reagan cuts, may be unproductive, but there is nothing sacred about a spread that goes only up to 28% at the top (with a detour to 33% for couples with taxable incomes between \$71,900 and \$171,090).

In any case, inequality is a subject that must be addressed—and not just by hoping that continued economic growth will automatically cure it. The danger is that growing disparities in wealth and living standards will undermine the sense of community and of financial optimism that have kept America from being riven by class resentments. —*By George J. Church.*
Reported by Richard Hornik/Washington



Bob, Paul and Peggy Forrester: tomorrow holds less opportunity than yesterday

How One California Family Has Been Caught in the Middle

A tale of children who may never do as well as their parents

In a season of wildly conflicting pronouncements on the decline of the American middle class, the truth for most American families lies in the details of their lives. And the details paint a discouraging picture of the generational fortunes of the Forrester family since Bob, now 60, went to work as a tankerman in the Inland Boatmen's Union in Los Angeles harbor in 1957.

Look, for example, at the jarring similarities in two family purchases: Bob Forrester's first house, in 1957, and his daughter Peggy's first new car, in 1985.

Bob, then 29, bought a three-bedroom house for \$9,750. He put \$750 down, which was less than 14% of his \$5,512 a year in earnings, and paid \$175 a month. It was all he could afford.

Twenty-eight years later, Peggy, then 27, bought a Ford Tempo for \$8,500. She put \$1,000 down, which was almost 6½% of her \$18,000 annual salary, and paid \$230 a month. It was all she could afford.

Bob's house, Peggy's car. Though the gulf in buying power is already startlingly wide, it grows wider with time.

Bob sold that house in 1973 for \$46,250, nearly five times what he paid for it. He then borrowed \$24,000 and built a house that is now worth \$360,000. Peggy still does not own a house; her car is now worth \$4,000.

So the generational tale goes:

At the heart of the story are runaway

real estate prices and a younger generation that was unable to climb aboard before housing became so hard to afford. It would cost Peggy almost \$38,000 for a down payment on a median-price house in Los Angeles, something she could not manage at her present savings rate for about 40 years. As it is, she pays \$500 a month in rent, almost three times as much as her father's initial mortgage payments.

The Forrester's story, though, is about more than just real estate. It is about a fundamental shift in the social and economic structure of old working-class neighborhoods, away from the standard of living that Bob Forrester and his wife Carol have enjoyed.

Here's another snapshot from the family financial album:

The year is 1979. Billy Forrester, Bob's eldest son, 25, has gone to work "on the boats." He is married, has a child, and is a member of the Inland Boatmen's Union, just like his father. He works as a deckhand, making \$11 an hour with full medical, dental and pension benefits. During his last full year in that work, he cleared \$27,000 and saved \$8,000, nearly enough for a down payment on a small house. The problem is that his company, United Towing, has just gone the way of dozens of other harbor companies: it has busted Billy's union by hiring maritime workers from Louisiana at a cheaper wage. Billy is suddenly out of a job. A year later, he is



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Nation

scratching out \$10,000 a year as a gardener.

Billy is the rule rather than the exception. The number of jobs in his local has dropped from 450 to 250 in the past 15 years. Though the Forrester children have done far better than some of their counterparts elsewhere who work at minimum-wage jobs, they still face a stark choice common to many high school-educated children of blue-collar workers: either to make it into a well-paid but precarious union job or to walk off an economic cliff into a nonunion service-sector job that pays a fraction of such wages.

Today the harbor jobs pay up to \$265 a day, which means a worker can make \$45,000 to \$55,000 a year. But the few jobs remaining are tough to get. As Bob's youngest son, Paul, 26, who has had an application on file with the Longshoremen's Union for three years, explains, "They pass out 50,000 or 60,000 applications. They give 3,500 interviews. For about 300 jobs." Paul keeps updating his file, but has heard nothing.

All three Forrester children have the same odd feeling: that in spite of strong dreams and hard work they're somehow slipping into an economic backwater; that it will be measurably tougher, if not impossible, to achieve the same life their parents had.

The world looked very different to Bob Forrester when he married Carol in 1953 and began a new life in Los Angeles. He grew up in East St. Louis, where his father earned a modest blue-collar wage as an engineer in a chemical plant. Carol came from Staten Island, from two generations of longshoremen.

Neither Bob nor Carol went to college. But back then, lack of a degree was no impediment to swift upward mobility, and for Bob a union labor job was the quickest ticket into the booming American middle class.

Bob and Carol got there fast. By 1962 they had three children, and they owned a comfortable three-bedroom house. Carol stayed home and raised the children. They had accomplished something else that has always been critically important to Americans: "I'm definitely better off than my father was," says Bob. "We have a nicer place, my retirement will be more comfortable than his." Bob now makes \$40,000 as a union official, owns three houses and a lot, collectively worth \$600,000, and when he retires will receive a pension of \$1,600 a month from his union in addition to Social Security.

But the success is tarnished by the un-

easiness the Forresters feel about the future of their children. "It doesn't look very good for them," says Carol. Says Bob, more pointedly: "I don't think my kids will be able to buy a house in this area unless they win the lottery."

Peggy Forrester, the one with the Ford Tempo, is the middle child—30 years old, well dressed, articulate, with a high school diploma and an assortment of credits from a local junior college. She has worked her way up to become a manager of a retail clothing store. Her salary of \$25,000 a year sounds quite respectable. Nevertheless, she had to live at home until last year. "I couldn't afford to move out," she says. She makes about \$300 a week after taxes. (The withholding includes \$32 a week in Social Security tax that will help pay for father Bob's retire-

their monthly payments of \$600 in rent and \$169 in credit-union debt. "When we pay everything off," says Paul, "we barely have anything left."

Brother Billy, 34, who lost his harbor union job, has four children, the oldest twelve. He migrated north to Washington State, looking for a better quality of life, and went into business for himself as a gardener. His income has ranged between \$10,000 and \$20,000. Last year Billy bought a house in a rural area for \$43,000, a purchase made possible by his father's financial aid. Bob put up the down payment of \$11,000. Billy too is looking for a job on the waterfront, where the \$11 hourly wage and full benefits will go a long way toward supporting his four children. But such jobs are so scarce, he says, that "you've got to stand in line three days just to get your name on a list. It's a rat race, but I've got enough motivation now to do it."

The Forresters are all aware of the growing polarization of income in the job market based on level of education. A few miles south of where they live, the family of Bob's sister Rindi offers an interesting counterpoint.

She married Don Elster, a college graduate and a banker. They have the first child in the third generation of the Forrester family to receive a college degree. Steven Elster, 27, is finishing medical school. He is being supported by his parents, who are also paying for half his medical-school tuition. He has every expectation of rising quickly into the upper middle class and being better off than his parents. It is the widening gap between Steven and his cousins—and the absence of the middle ground that their parents staked out with such relative ease—that is most disturbing.

It is more than a bit ironic, in this campaign season, that Bob and Carol Forrester, who look economically very much like Republicans, plan to vote for Dukakis and that the younger generation—Billy, Peggy and Paul's wife Silva, who are balanced precariously on the lower edge of the middle class—are all voting for Bush. Explains Peggy: "I personally like Reagan and Bush. We don't have a war, and taxes are better. No one has to make a job for me. I can do it on my own, and I think other people can too." Yet she is uneasy. "But if we're going to be better off," she says, "something will have to happen." Something to ensure that the middle rung of America's ladder to success does not shrink too fast.

—By S.C. Gwynne/Los Angeles



Billy Forrester: a \$43,000 house and hopes for a union job

It took a loan from his father for him to make the purchase.

ment, a curious transfer of income.) Roughly two-thirds of that goes to rent, household and car expenses. She is unable to afford a private phone. With a median-price house in the area now at \$188,000, she does not dream of owning one.

Her brother Paul and his wife Silva are in similar straits. "What I'm afraid of," says Silva, gesturing across their apartment in Harbor City, only a few miles from where Paul's parents reside, "is to be living like this forever." The life she refers to, like Peggy's, doesn't look all that bad. They live in a modest but comfortable one-bedroom apartment. For most of the past eight years (they've been married for only a year), Paul has driven a delivery truck for a private mail company. He has worked his way up to \$8.25 an hour. Paul too lived at home until last year. Though Silva works part time at a day-care center, they are struggling with

The Tory Texan and the Indiana Kid

BENTSEN

His Job Is to Capture Texas



Flanked by a posse of lawmen, some sporting ten-gallon hats, Lloyd Bentsen cheerfully introduced his running mate. The Law Enforcement Officers Association of Texas had gathered at the Fairmont Hotel in Dallas last week to endorse the Governor of Massachusetts and certify that he is not a patsy on crime. Bentsen, silver-haired and presidential, surveyed the audience with his mild and benign gaze and then said casually, "Mike, have you rented a hotel room here tonight?" Dukakis appeared slightly mystified but nodded his head. "Good. In some people's minds that makes you a Texan."

Bentsen's jab at George Bush for calling a rented Houston hotel suite his home got an appreciative laugh. But it will take more than a clever line for Bentsen to make Texans think Dukakis is one of them. As his running mate, Bentsen has



As genteel as a second-generation landowner

one overriding responsibility: to put the Lone Star State's 29 electoral votes in the Democratic column in November. No Democrat has won the White House in this century without Texas.

The battle for Texas' soul is a microcosm of Dukakis' national problem: luring Reagan Democrats back to the fold. Bentsen has been spending more time in Texas than in any other state trying to do just that. So how does a courtly and conservative Senator get his fellow Texans to vote for a Greek Yankee from the most

liberal state in the union? "Basically, what Bentsen does," says his press spokesman, Mike McCurry, "is credentialize Dukakis in Texas."

The strategy is twofold: first, play up the depressed Texas economy and have good old Lloyd persuade Texans that the Massachusetts Governor is no pointy-headed, doivish liberal but a man they can do business with. The idea is that it's not who loves America more but who will run America better. Second, *debunk* Bush as a Texan and show him for the gee-whiz New England prester that he really is.

It isn't easy. When he is in Texas, Dukakis seems like the man who fell to earth: alien and uncomfortable. The Republicans have been effectively tarring the Governor with the liberal label and pressing all the local "hot buttons"—gun control, the A.C.L.U., the Pledge of Allegiance, capital punishment. The latest polls show Dukakis falling 10 points behind.

At a speech in Longview, an east Texas oil town, Bentsen stands in front of a 60-ft. American flag and a silent, black oil rig. "Let's get down to us folks," he tells the crowd of about 100, old and young, black and white. "Five out of six

QUAYLE

His Task Is to Save Himself



Politicians are suckers for the Schwab's drugstore myth. So when George Bush plucked Dan Quayle from obscurity and made him his running mate, he no doubt thought he had discovered a raw young talent who could be molded into a Lana Turner sensation, a blue-eyed Everyboy who could appeal to conservatives, baby boomers and women alike. But may turn out to be the Marion Davies of the 1988 campaign: like the young, little-known comedian William Randolph Hearst tried to impose on the public as a Hollywood glamour queen, Quayle does not fit the grandiose role that has been foisted upon him.

Generational themes are becoming as rare for Quayle as impromptu public remarks. Nowadays Quayle mainly echoes



Accustomed to the leeway accorded good-looking men

Quayle's assaults on Dukakis, playing to the hard-core conservatives who make up the Republicans' base. Bush aides claim that rallying the party faithful is all they ever expected out of the Indiana Senator. "When you judge him," Bush adviser Rich Bond told reporters, "all I ask for is some perspective on what is the traditional role of a vice-presidential nominee."

Quayle's role has been anything but "traditional." Protest signs reading VERY

PRETTY, BUT CAN HE TYPE? are almost as common along the Quayle trail as those reading CHICKEN HAWK. His wife Marilyn, a lifelong Quayle handler, told reporters her husband tries to reread Plato's *Republic* once a year. She sounded like one of the oldtime MGM publicity men who, whenever a starlet got into trouble, churned out a press release announcing her enrollment in correspondence courses at the Sorbonne. Ridicule is as contagious in politics as it is in show business: even a few Bush aides privately call Quayle the blond bombshell. He needs a chance to show some *gravitas*. Quayle is not exaggerating when he describes his debate with Bentsen as "the most important event in my political life."

The public loves an underdog, but Quayle does not quite fit that description. He gained sympathy from the remorseless media hazing he underwent immediately after it was revealed that he pulled family strings when seeking a spot in the Indiana National Guard during the Viet Nam War. That fact, coupled with his shoddy college record and shortcut into Indiana University law school, underscored

BENTSEN

rigs that were active in 1981 are now inactive." Yes . . . Yet some exclaim. "The Reagan-Bush Administration's energy policy has been as empty as Dan Quayle's resume." A few *yee-his* ring out. But when Bentsen segues to Dukakis and the Massachusetts Miracle, the crowd becomes silent. After the speech, an old woman in faded sundress who works for the county's Democratic Party sounds downright gloomy. "It used to be all Democratic here," she says. "Now there are a lot of folks who would like to see Bentsen running for Vice President with Bush."

Bentsen is a species as indigenous to Texas as the longhorn: a Tory Democrat. For once, the most oft-used adjective about a candidate is the most accurate: patrician. Courteous and deferential, he wears his down-home credentials as discreetly as the LMB monograms that dot the breast pockets of his fine cotton shirts. As a campaigner, he is like a good tire: durable, road-tested, puncture-proof. But no one would ever describe him as electrifying: he often seems to be moving and speaking in slow motion. Unlike many men in public life, he looks his age, a weathered 67. His sense of humor is as dry as a prairie breeze. In the operating room of a hospital in the one-stoplight



Bentsen

Who is more qualified to be President?



Quayle

TIME Poll Taken by Yankelovich Clancy Shulman

QUAYLE

his image as a coddled son of privilege. Even after eight years on the Armed Services Committee, he still mainly comes across as an avid golfer and fun-loving Deke. The large enthusiastic crowds that show up at his rallies are not rooting for Quayle so much as showing loyalty for Bush.

But Quayle is not as vacuous as his critics and some of his odder statements ("I'm not a yuppie, I'm a Senator") suggest. He is knowledgeable about weapons systems and deserves praise for his work on the Job Training Partnership Act. His problem is that he has not figured out his limitations or how to overcome them, a process he is now conducting in the glare of the campaign. He is sunnily self-confident and accustomed to the leeway accorded good-looking, engaging men. At the G.O.P. convention, when Republicans were debating whether to dump him from the ticket, Quayle wanted to wing his acceptance speech without a text or TelePrompTer. "Good Senators," he explained, "don't speak from prepared texts." He was overruled.

In the first days after the convention, Quayle was so gung-ho that his cautious advisers often looked like dog walkers being pulled along by an overexcited puppy straining on a leash. Quayle no longer strays from his carefully crafted texts. His exuberant gestures have grown more stately. Privately, Quayle remains irre-

gible. In Hale Center, he listens to a doctor describe the type of anesthesia used there. "Most of this crowd," he says, casting a grave look at the press corps, "thinks I'm asleep already."

Sometimes the Bentsen campaign seems to be a languid odyssey in futile pursuit of network airtime. By design, the Dukakis headquarters has kept him from *commuting* any news, though he has stepped up his attacks on Quayle. "If the Republicans were elected," said Bentsen last week, "I would pray for the good health of George Bush every night." Bentsen's advisers trust that he will show similar vigor in this week's debate.



Quayle

One reason Bentsen's campaign seems like a local election effort is that it is. Under Texas law, Bentsen can run for both the vice presidency and the Senate. He spends nearly a third of each day giving local interviews and another third raising money. Bentsen will rope in \$8 million for his Senate race against a virtual unknown. That money can be used for precinct-level registration and get-out-the-vote efforts, which are what win in Texas. Democrats are telling voters to

pressboyish. While visiting a NASA installation in Louisiana, he pointed to a gigantic external fuel tank for the shuttle and said, "I can now say I've been around a bigger tank than the one that Michael Dukakis drives." He bounded onto the stuff bus and jauntily informed his aides, "I just wanted to show you I could do a joke on my own."

Quayle prefers to speak off the cuff. When he goes before small groups and on topics he knows well, his handlers indulge him. They are a patient lot. Talking to young, mainly His-

panic Job Corps students in Amarillo, Texas, Quayle tried for an inspirational touch and came off like a LifeSpring instructor. "Don't forget the importance of the family. It begins with the family. We're not going to redefine the family. Everybody knows the definition of the family." He paused meaningfully. "A child." He paused. "A mother." Another pause. "A father." Perhaps realizing that many in his audience came from broken homes, he rushed to conclusion. "There are other arrangements of the family, but that is a family and family values."

Under pressure, Quayle seems to reg-

ister the lever twice for Bentsen on Nov. 8. But the Republicans have a subtler strategy. Get two Texans for the price of one, they whisper. Keep Bentsen as chairman of the Senate Finance Committee and put Bush in the White House. This makes sense to a lot of Texans, and the Bentsen campaign has yet to come up with an effective rebuttal. When a local reporter asks Bentsen whether Texans wouldn't be better off with one of their own in the Senate and in the White House, he gruffly replies, "That's a diversionary tactic."

Week by week, Bentsen is growing stronger as a campaigner; he is looser now and more comfortable with a TelePrompTer. He is beginning to campaign like a man who can't lose—and he can't. Yet the Republicans continue to make headway. Bentsen says he was "bloody outraged" by what Bush did with the Pledge of Allegiance and felt that Dukakis should

have come out punching. Many operatives think the Democrats still need to take the gloves off in Texas. "These guys," says a county chairman, "have to be a whole lot tougher in rebutting this bull." But Bentsen, for the moment, remains as genteel as a second-generation landowner and as formal as a senatorial gray eminence. He knows that when you have a tough sell, the best thing is to keep calm and make it look easy.

By Richard Stengel with Bentsen

ister only two emotions, fear and pleasure. When his boyhood hero Barry Goldwater crabibly turned on him at an Arizona stop and growled, "I want you to go back and tell George Bush to start talking about the issues," Quayle flushed, and a helpless look of panic flashed across his eyes. Finally, with a nervous laugh, Quayle answered, "I wish Barry would just say what's on his mind."

The deer-caught-in-the-headlights look, more than his careless phrases, has marred his encounters with the press. Since reporters, like attack dogs, lunge at the first hint of fear, Quayle's handlers wisely keep him as far as possible from the baying press corps. Quayle "sightings" are so rare that TV crews on his plane call him Elvis. The good-natured Quayle laughed when he was told,

Quayle is likable. He mingled easily in the cushy, cozy club-car politics of Capitol Hill. Even Lloyd Bentsen used to play tennis with him now and again. But affability goes only so far. Although there is no entrance exam for Vice Presidents, Quayle does not demonstrate the expected seriousness of purpose. As he prepares for Wednesday's debate and tries to gain enough stature to avoid remaining a drag on the ticket, time is running out. And perhaps for the first time in his life, all the friends and string pullers in the world cannot help him. —By Alessandra Stanley with Quayle

The popcorn's in the kitchen.

And the movies are on CBS.



Monday,
October 3

He's after a man who married for money.
Insurance money.

UNHOLY MATRIMONY

Based on a chilling true story
of obsession and murder.

Patrick Duffy



Tuesday,
October 4

The town needed her help.
She was arrested for giving it.

Jesse

Based on a true story
of a very special nurse.

Lee Remick



Thursday,
October 6

She's beginning to believe in miracles.
She has to.

Leap of Faith

Based on a true story.
Anne Archer Sam Neill



Friday,
October 7

Some men would die for her love.
He may have to kill for it.

STREET OF DREAMS

Morgan Fairchild Ben Masters



Sunday,
October 9

Only his closest friends knew him this well.
Behind the rumors and the secrets.

Silence

: Behind the Music
Victor Garber Maureen Stapleton

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Check local listings for time and channel.





**Card-carrying
Burt Lancaster
makes his TV pitch**

**Is Dukakis' A.C.L.U.
membership a real
campaign issue?**

Real	24%
Phony	65%

**Does Dukakis'
membership make
you more inclined to
vote for him?**

More	17%
Less	36%

**Does Bush's attack
on Dukakis make
you more inclined to
vote for Bush?**

More	17%
Less	45%

Asked of the 54% who said they knew what the A.C.L.U. is.
Time Poll taken by Yankelovich/Clyde Sherman

causes. Presidential candidates prefer popular causes."

In an effort to distance himself from the organization, Dukakis last week listed his disagreements with the A.C.L.U., which coincided precisely with the issues Bush had cited in the debate. Dukakis also named cases where the A.C.L.U. has sued his Massachusetts administration—over random roadblocks and for resisting the assignment of foster children to gay couples. So successful has Bush been in making the A.C.L.U. into a boogeyman that even his friend Dick Thornburgh, the new Attorney General, has had to scramble away from the group. He was a director of the Pittsburgh A.C.L.U. chapter from 1966 to 1969.

Roger Baldwin founded the A.C.L.U. in 1920 to combat the deportation of aliens ordered by Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer, win the rights of workers to organize and secure release of those imprisoned for expressing antirat sentiments. It defended John Scopes' right to teach evolution and opposed the internment of Japanese Americans during World War II. In the past year it teamed up with Republican Senator Orrin Hatch to oppose limits on cigarette advertising. Along with many Republicans, it has fought new campaign-spending laws on the ground that they abridge free speech. It is also known for its Grinch-like involvement in banning religious displays on municipal property at Christmas. Most of its 6,000 clients a year are not, as Washington Legal Foundation general counsel Daniel Popeo says, "rapists, serial killers, terrorists, Nazis, dope dealers and illegal aliens" but ordinary citizens—a schoolteacher fired after writing a letter to the editor, a black man alleging that his voting rights were violated, a couple who cannot get a mortgage because the wife's income does not count.

But its single-minded defense of civil liberties takes the A.C.L.U. to places that many moderate Americans do not want to go. Robert Bork, whose Supreme Court nomination was opposed by the A.C.L.U., says, "It's not wrong in its defense of existing civil liberties but in its effort to create new ones." It successfully worked to expand the right to privacy to include abortion, and it is currently working to expand it to cover the right not to be tested for drugs without some evidence of use.

The attention has not been all bad for the A.C.L.U. This week the organization airs its first money-raising TV ads, featuring Burt Lancaster, Barbra Streisand's rendition of *America the Beautiful* and the stars of *L.A. Law*. Danny Goldberg, the group's Southern California chairman, has raised \$30,000 to pay for airtime for the ads. "People do not get up in the morning and say, 'Today I think I'll join the A.C.L.U.'," says Glasser, who normally receives only a handful of unsolicited calls a year. "But now we are getting about 100 calls a day."

By Margaret Carlson

Spotlight on the A.C.L.U.

It defends Nazis and gays, Ollie North and Jehovah's Witnesses

Campaign '88 has yielded another nugget of political wisdom: never join an organization more controversial than the Boy Scouts or the American Automobile Association. Had Michael Dukakis known that membership in the American Civil Liberties Union would identify him personally with every position it has taken—and some it has not—he might have rethought those \$20 annual dues.

The A.C.L.U. has replaced the flag and the Pledge of Allegiance as George Bush's hot-button "values" issue, quite an achievement for a 68-year-old association with 250,000 members that was until recently often confused with a large California school with a good football team. One of Bush's most effective thrus in the first debate was his list of causes the A.C.L.U.—and, by extension, Dukakis—supposedly favors: removing the tax exemption from the Roman Catholic Church, repealing child-pornography laws, deleting "God" on the currency and dismantling the movie-ratings system. Bush fumed, "I don't want my ten-year-old grandchild to go into an X-rated movie."

Does Dukakis want Bush's ten-year-old grandchild to see *Deep Throat*? Not likely. Nor does the A.C.L.U., which explains that it is not pro-pornography but is anti-censorship. Says executive director Ira Glasser: "Anyone who uses a child in pornography is violating the law and should be prosecuted, peri-

od." The group has not spent one cent to dismantle the movie ratings but has merely met with the judges to find ways to make it less categorical.

These are distinctions not easily made. The causes that receive the backing of the A.C.L.U.—which is dedicated to defending the individual freedoms in the Bill of Rights—often require that even its supporters hold their noses. The A.C.L.U. has made enemies left and right in defense of draft-card burners during the Viet Nam War, Jehovah's Witnesses who choose not to recite the Pledge of Allegiance, Nazis who wanted to march in Skokie, Ill., and a fair trial for Oliver North. Says William Schneider, a fellow at the American Enterprise Institute: "Being linked to the A.C.L.U. is a problem because it takes up unpopular

Playing an Old Card

For decades, Democrats have used Social Security as a political bludgeon, playing on the fears of the elderly that Republicans would reduce their payments. Walter Mondale was so successful at it that he got Ronald Reagan to forswear any curb on benefits. Michael Dukakis, whose campaign has been relatively free of demagogery, has now succumbed. He is belaboring Bush for casting a tie-breaking Senate vote in 1985 in favor of an artfully balanced deficit-reduction package that included a one-year freeze in the Social Security cost-of-living increase. In fact, Republicans showed considerable courage in pushing the package through only to see it dissolve later. Even Dukakis cast a vote for the plan at a National Governors' Association meeting in 1985. He now makes the unsupported charge that Bush is about to "raid the Social Security trust fund." Like the 1984 exchange, this unedifying dispute can only inhibit the next President.

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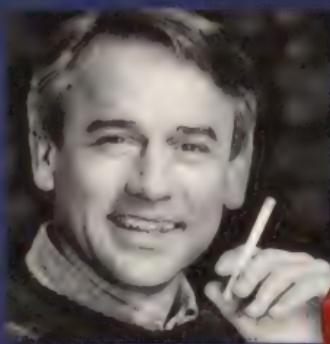
It has a 2.4-liter, 12-valve, 140-horsepower engine. Multi-link independent rear suspension. And a sticker price under \$14,000: The new 240SX.[™] It's a lot of sports car. But you can handle it.



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Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

The Underclass: Breaking the Cycle

By Richard Stengel



They live outside the margins of ordinary American life, isolated and unassimilated, a Third World society within a First World nation. Theirs is a Hobbesian universe where life is nasty, brutish and often cut short by violence, disease and drugs. They live lives *without*: mothers without husbands, men without work, families without homes, days without structure, neighborhoods without hope. They are America's Underclass, a disturbing daily reminder that American Democracy has not measured our liberty and justice for all.

Members of the Underclass are not the same as the traditional poor. About 30 million Americans live below the poverty line, but the Underclass constitutes only about one-quarter of that figure. The number is imprecise because the term itself is vague. It refers to the poor who are more than just temporarily down and out, the ones caught in a vicious cycle of poverty and despair. For the most part they are black and live in the decayed hearts of major cities. But the Underclass is defined less by income than by behavior. Members are prisoners of a ghetto pathology, the denizens of a self-perpetuating culture marked by teenage pregnancy, fatherless households, chronic unemployment, crime, drug use and long-term dependence on welfare.

Thus the Seven Ages of Underclass Man and Woman

Birth. More than half of all black infants are born out of wedlock—and in the inner cities, that figure can reach 90%.

Childhood. Two in five black children are dependent on public assistance—and at least 100,000 are homeless.

Adolescence. Nearly half of black females are pregnant by the age of 20.

School days. The high school dropout rate in many inner cities is well over 50%.

Adulthood. Only about half of all black men in the ghetto have jobs.

Death. The leading cause of death for young black men is murder by another young black man.

And the cycle repeats itself. Almost two-thirds of the daughters of single women on welfare later go on welfare themselves.

After two decades of efforts to erase poverty, the ranks of the Underclass, "the truly disadvantaged," as they have been called, are growing and hardening. Their impact exceeds their numbers, for their plight is both a cause and an effect of America's most persistent problems: crime, drugs, homelessness and AIDS. But as the Underclass has increased, the willingness to help has decreased. In the War on Poverty, it seems:

poverty won, creating a sense that the problem defied solution.

For many, the very existence of the Underclass constitutes a disturbing repudiation of liberalism. In the '60s and '70s, poverty was considered a responsibility of society as a whole, the legacy of institutional racism and generations of discrimination. But during the Reagan era, the Zeitgeist shifted. Now poverty is often blamed on the poor and on the system of government support created to help them. Glenn Loury, a black Harvard professor and neoconservative, reflects this sensibility. "The bottom stratum of the black community," he writes, "has compelling problems which can no longer be blamed solely on white racism, and which force us to confront fundamental failures in black society." The problems of the ghetto, he says, "have taken on a life of their own."

Ironically, the success of the civil rights movement contributed to the continuance of the Underclass. The removal of many racial barriers allowed blacks who had made it to get out of the ghetto. This out-migration gutted the social structures of inner-city society, leaving neighborhoods bereft of a functioning middle class—a middle class that once provided the neighborhood with shops and businesses and, more important, offered a model of workaday values that bound the society together.

Another example of the law of unintended consequences was that welfare and other poverty programs helped foster a dependency on government. The idea of welfare has always been problematic, for it reflects a conflict between two archetypal American values: generosity and self-reliance. Yes, we must offer the poor a hand. But doesn't such help undermine their ability to help themselves? Conservative scholars like Charles Murray contend that Aid to Families with Dependent Children provided an economic incentive for women to have babies out of wedlock and for men to avoid supporting their children. Murray goes too far, but his argument is now a tenet of the welfare debate. Experts no longer argue about how much money people should receive, but what work requirements should be attached to what they get.

On these issues, the rhetoric of Michael Dukakis and George Bush is virtually interchangeable. Both candidates shun the



word Underclass; neither accepts the word's implication that there are Americans who cannot even reach the first rung of the economic ladder. Such linguistic prissiness and ideological timidity make addressing the problem even more difficult. As for solutions, the candidates echo each other. Bush: "A job in the private sector is the best anti-poverty program that has ever been invented." Dukakis: "Full employment is the most important human-services program we have."

But by background and ideology, the two men differ in their approach to hard-core poverty. Whereas Reagan practiced a policy of malign neglect toward the Underclass (interspersed with jabs about "welfare queens" and "young bucks" using food stamps), Bush has tried to show a more caring side. He says he wants "a kinder, gentler nation," but he has yet to offer much more than Reaganomics with a human face.

Bush advocates a wider use of Head Start, a program he supported when he was a Congressman. He has also talked about child care and has proposed a \$2.2 billion package that would provide low-income families with a \$1,000-per-child tax credit. Such a tax credit, however, can hardly accomplish what it is designed to do: allow a mother to pay for day care or permit her to stay home with her children. Bush recently underwent a campaign conversion and said he would support raising the minimum wage (as long as it was coupled with a subminimum as a "youth training" wage). He must have done the multiplication: a full-time job at \$3.35 an hour yields about \$7,000 a year, not even close to what it takes to support a family.

Workfare is nothing new to Bush: he has been calling for some kind of work in exchange for benefits since he served in Congress. He, like Dukakis, supports Senator Daniel Moynihan's welfare-reform bill, which requires most welfare recipients to work in exchange for assistance and mandates child support from the absent parent. The bill also includes a feature that is necessary to reverse the incentive toward single-parent welfare families: it provides subsidies for two-parent families in which the primary breadwinner is unemployed. After languishing for months, a compromise version of the bill was passed by Congress last week.

Dukakis has done more than pay lip service to workfare: he has tried with some success to put it into practice. Massachusetts instituted the Employment and Training Choices Program (ET) to help those on welfare find jobs. Recipients are encouraged to sign up for job training, remedial education and career planning, and then apply for appropriate jobs. It is all optional, except that welfare mothers with children older than six must register. The most striking aspect of ET begins when the individual, usually a single mother, does find employment: the state then provides free day care and transportation for up to a year.

The Governor boasts that since ET began in 1983, it has placed 52,000 people in jobs and saved the taxpayers \$280 million through reduced benefits and increased tax revenue. State officials say the welfare rolls declined 6.5%. But most of the jobs are barely above the minimum wage, and the 52,000 represents about a quarter of all the people who have been eligible. As workfare, it is all carrot, no stick; no one is faced with a benefit cutoff if he or she refuses to work. As a result, much of the hard-core Underclass is beyond the reach of ET. Those who get jobs tend to be those who have been employed in the past. Still, it is a start.

To arrest the cycle of poverty, the best place to begin is at the beginning—the earlier the intervention the better the results. Greater spending for prenatal care and neonatal care is the first step. Dukakis' proposal to spend \$100 million for prenatal care for mothers not covered by health insurance is a welcome acknowledgment of this. Each dollar spent on prenatal care saves more than \$3 later in the care for babies with low birth weight.

The same thing goes for remedial education. The earlier a child gets help, the less radical the later discrepancy between children of poverty and children of affluence. Head Start (which only reaches one of six children who are eligible for it) begins at three and four—but that is already too late. Cognitive abilities start forming as soon as the child perceives the buzzing confusion of the world. An earlier version of Head Start would allow the child to break out of the Underclass environment while permitting the mother a chance to find work.

The conundrum of the workfare debate—Should single mothers with small children have to work?—has a yes-and-no answer: yes, but not unless reliable day care is provided. Massachusetts' ET program and the Moynihan bill place great emphasis on day care. But this must be accompanied by a commitment on the part of the states and the private sector to help finance it. Single mothers receiving benefits could work in day-care centers, constituting an immediately available employment pool.

The Underclass has less of everything—and that includes the services others take for granted: police protection, clean streets and decent schools. Families struggling to escape the under tow of ghetto life cannot succeed if their children are unable to go outside and play, if their streets are war zones, and if the schools are relegated to being holding pens. The government cannot surrender; it must provide the same services to Underclass neighborhoods as to the rest of society.

Jobs are vital, as both candidates assert. But they need to be pressed to say how they would produce them. Economic growth is not enough: even in times of general prosperity, large pockets of Underclass poverty persist. A new agency is needed, a revitalized Jobs Corps along the lines of a Work Projects Administration, targeted exclusively at the inner-city unemployed. One cause of the widespread unemployment in inner cities is deindustrialization, the dying out of smokestack industries and their replacement by service industries often located in the suburbs. In the cities, there is a mismatch between skills and opportunities. A jobs program would not mean useless make-work, for there is much that needs to be done, including repairing the urban infrastructure. On other issues, Dukakis led the way in forging private-public partnerships, and Bush has advocated tax breaks to industries locating in blighted areas. Such a program has to be linked to the private sector so the jobs lead somewhere. Labor unions, which once opposed low-paying jobs programs, should be invited to join in or butt out.

Some social critics contend that black poverty can no longer be blamed on racism because discrimination is now a matter of class more than race. The argument permits whites to feel a sense of relief. But the claim is an insidious one. Racism still flourishes, not just in Yonkers, N.Y., and the Howard Beach section of Queens, but in every segregated neighborhood in the nation, which means pretty much everywhere. In addition, discrimination based on class distinctions is no less noxious than that based on racial ones. The Underclass reels under a double hit: covert racial biases and overt class ones.

Nowadays many whites seem to be saying to blacks, particularly the conspicuously successful black middle class: *It's your problem now.* There is no doubt that the predicament of the Underclass would be mightily helped by the strenuous participation of middle-class blacks, but that does not mean it is theirs to solve. The state of the Underclass is not a black or a white problem, a middle-class or a lower-class problem, but an American problem that requires a national solution. In the White House, a new President will have to create a genuine sense of community that includes the realization that American society cannot be truly great unless those stuck at the very bottom are offered a way out.

For the cycle of poverty to be arrested, the best place to begin is at the beginning—the earlier the intervention the better the results

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The Presidency

Hugh Sidey

It Takes Some Getting Used To

Ronald Reagan last week was talking to leaders at the U.N., the same folks who used to curse him and whom he in turn used to vilify. But this time there was warmth and friendship, and the President was fantasizing. Suppose this old world were subjected to an extraterrestrial threat, he said. Then people would band together, forget petty differences and grievances, and face the common enemy.

It is the oldest political law known to man: nothing like a good war to get the populace behind you. Maybe Reagan had on his mind the fact that there really is not a good old-fashioned war—hot or cold—around right now, and both government and politics seem at times bewildered without such a focus.

"Peace is breaking out all over," choruses Secretary of State George Shultz. "The peace epidemic" is what Harvard foreign policy expert Stanley Hoffmann calls it. The Joint Chiefs of Staff came over to the White House the other day to meet with Reagan and reported their services in excellent readiness but with an unprecedented lack of battles to fight. Peace is threatening in Iran-Iraq, Kampuchea, Afghanistan, southern Africa and even Central America.

White House spokesman Marlin Fitzwater has noticed that he employs a different public language from even a year ago. Last December, just before Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev arrived in Washington, Fitzwater cautioned reporters that the meeting was to be "a summit of old enemies, not



Shevardnadze and former enemies at the U.N.

old friends." Gorbachev complained so much to his buddy Ron that even that mild rebuke was banned. The White House Situation Room sits empty, gathering dust, last geared up three months ago when the U.S.S. *Vincennes* shot down the Iranian airliner. Old-timers like Richard Helms, the former CIA chief, marvel. "On my watch," says Helms, "we almost lived there because of military clashes somewhere in the world."

But as John Kennedy said back in the Cuban missile crisis when a U.S. pilot strayed toward the Soviet Union, there is always

one guy who doesn't get the word. Actually, there seem to be two. George Bush and Michael Dukakis. Bush started his campaign claiming, rightly, that having power and being willing to use it had helped bring the peace. Then he proceeded, wrongly, to rattle our rockets. Dukakis denied, rightly, that military hardware is the sole basis of influence but then, wrongly, jumped in the M1 tank to match Bush. The world waits—years—for a new political chapter to be written.

Interestingly, at the President's meeting with the Joint Chiefs of Staff, it was the admirals and the generals who told Reagan that now was the time to re-evaluate totally the nation's war planning and fighting ability, matching the new realities with the resources available. But calculating peace could be more perplexing than war, since there is no one around who has ever tried it.

A Wry Clown

Billy Carter, 1937-1988

Billy Carter knew a lot about tragedy and comedy. Among many other things, his father died when he was a teenager, and his older brother's accomplishments became a terrible burden. Yet when life crowded him, as it did so often, Billy, intelligent, sensitive, shy and insecure, would hide behind the mask of the clown. Last week Billy was buried in the red Georgia earth near Plains, his beloved hometown. His friends and family—including brother Jimmy, the former President—were there. They knew, if the rest of the world did not, what they had lost.

Billy died of pancreatic cancer, the same disease that claimed his father in 1953 and his sister Ruth in 1983. He was 51. The cancer and a year of experimental treatments had taken a fearful physical toll. But, having already overcome so much in his life, he retained his humor and irony almost to the end.

When Jimmy Carter was running for



The hidden side: intelligent, sensitive, shy

In 1976, proclaiming his honesty, Billy said, "I'm the only Carter who'll never lie to you." Another time he said, "My mother joined the Peace Corps when she was 70; my sister Gloria is a motorcycle racer, my other sister Ruth is a Holy Roller preacher, and my brother thinks he's going to be President of the United

States. I'm really the only normal one in the family." Billy worked hard for Jimmy's election, but afterward the hucksters in Plains appalled him. "Maybe we should just put a tent over the entire town," he said, "and declare the whole f_____ thing a circus."

Soon enough he was the circus. When a presidential blind trust effectively cut him out of the Carter warehouse business that he had run for years, Billy began drinking heavily. He ran for mayor of Plains, and was defeated. To pay back taxes, he had to sell his property, even the filling station—"the only thing that was really mine." He became a registered agent for Muammar Gaddafi's regime in Libya, with a \$220,000 Libyan "loan."

The clown had ceased to be funny. He was successfully treated for alcoholism, moved out of Plains, took a job with a mobile-home company and tried to resume a normal life. Then came the cancer. In a sense, though, it wasn't his body that defeated him; it was the outside world. As Jimmy Carter wrote in his memoir, "He was the president's brother, and therefore fair game."

—By Stanley W. Cloud

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American Notes



NEW YORK Across the river, Brawley stands by her story



WASHINGTON The AIDS quilt will return to the capital

THE GULF

Going to a Zone Defense

The White House insisted it was a "change in procedure," not in policy. But last week's decision to wind down U.S. Navy escorts of oil tankers in the Persian Gulf was greeted with relief at the Pentagon. The Aug. 20 cease-fire between Iran and Iraq put an end to attacks on gulf shipping, and the Reagan Administration wasted no time in moving to relieve the Navy of a difficult task that since July 1987 has caused serious damage to two U.S. warships, led to the accidental downing of an Iranian jetliner and cost an estimated \$20 million a month. Although 26 warships will remain on duty in the gulf flotilla (down from a high of 42), the White House said from now on the U.S. will provide a "zone" defense instead of "man-to-man."

NEW YORK

Tearing Apart Tawana's Tale

The world may never learn what really happened to Tawana Brawley, the Wappingers Falls, N.Y., teenager who was found cowering in a plastic bag last Thanksgiving, her body covered with excrement and racial epithets. But

last week the New York Times revealed what the grand jury investigating the case has found: Brawley's claim that she was raped and abused by as many as six white men is a "fabrication." In a lengthy article based on summaries of evidence, the newspaper suggested that, after running away from home for four days, Brawley concocted the tale to escape the wrath of her family.

The Brawleys immediately denounced the story, repeating their claims that a racist system of justice is stacked against them. "I am not a liar, and I am not crazy," said Tawana at a packed press conference held in New Jersey because her mother is on the run from New York State authorities for refusing to testify before the grand jury. After the full report is officially released in a few weeks, New York attorney general Robert Abrams will probably drop the case, leaving the Brawley imbroglio to be sorted out where it has played best: in the court of public opinion.

NIAGARA FALLS

Welcome Back To Love Canal

The Niagara Falls neighborhood of Love Canal has been a symbol of toxic-pollution nightmares. Now New York State officials hope it will come to represent a new kind of urban renewal. Last week state

health commissioner Dr. David Axelrod announced that about two-thirds of the area where more than 21,000 tons of chemical wastes were buried in the 1940s and 1950s would be habitable again after a multimillion-dollar cleanup is completed next year.

Most homes in the contaminated neighborhood were torn down after the state agreed to buy out residents. But hundreds of abandoned homes still stand and 70 more are occupied by the handful of families (out of 1,100) who elected to stay despite official warnings. Their stubbornness may yet pay off. The Love Canal Area Revitalization Agency, the state entity that owns and plans to renovate 400 of the abandoned homes, claims there is already a list of potential buyers.

WASHINGTON

The Patchwork Memorial

What began as a modest remembrance of a few who succumbed to AIDS has become one of the nation's most moving memorials. This weekend in Washington, a quilt the size of nearly eight football fields and weighing 16 tons will be unfurled on the Ellipse near the White House. A four-month-long, 20-city tour by the San Francisco-based NAMES Project, which thought up the idea, has swelled the

number of the quilt's 3-ft. by 6-ft. panels from 2,000 to 8,288. Each panel, produced by friends and relatives, commemorates a single life lost to AIDS; stitched together is everything from ashes, photographs and articles of clothing to an air-conditioning vent. The unveiling will culminate a week-long series of events celebrating the anniversary of last year's March on Washington by gays and lesbians. While the quilt is on display outdoors, it will be guarded by 300 volunteers, who have been trained to fold it in as little as 45 seconds should the weather turn foul.

CALIFORNIA

Unclogging L.A.'s Arteries

If Los Angeles were a human being, it would be suffering a near terminal case of arteriosclerosis. Last week Mayor Tom Bradley unveiled a proposal that is the equivalent of a low-cholesterol diet: banning 70% of heavy-duty trucks during morning and evening rush hours in the hope of unclogging the city's blocked traffic arteries and reducing Los Angeles' notorious smog. The plan would require the cooperation of many of the city's biggest businesses, which would be asked to stay open to receive and load goods for a four-hour period between 8 p.m. and 6 a.m.

World

COMMUNISM

Too Far, Too Fast?

Reform's price: a Moscow shake-up and a Beijing slowdown

The dialogue might have been taken from a sketch titled "The Case of the Frustrated Carnivore." In a blunt exchange of views with officials of a Siberian research institute in late September, Mikhail Gorbachev scoffed at statistics claiming that a typical resident of the city of Krasnoyarsk eats 156 lbs. of meat year. Chronic shortages, Gorbachev implied, make that figure wholly unbelievable. On the other hand, he went on, anyone who travels to China reports that meat is "always in the shops, unsold."

But China too faces serious problems with its economic-reform program, despite such bright spots as a plentiful supply of most meats. The two Communist giants are floundering, and for some of the same reasons, in their efforts to modernize and reorganize their political and economic systems. Both Gorbachev's *perestroika* (restructuring) and Chinese leader Deng Xiaoping's *guì yé* (reform) face opposition. Barriers to reform in the Soviet Union are an entrenched bureaucracy and a growing indifference on the part of citizens who have yet to see a tangible return for their requested sacrifices. In China people are balked at being asked to cut back after a decade of reform-emboldened prosperity. Both plans, moreover, face dilemmas on the crucial but politically explosive problem of price reform, a matter that in China recently led to the worst outbreak of panic buying by consumers in nearly 40 years.



Last week the slow pace of Soviet reform helped provoke the largest and most dramatic Kremlin shake-up since Gorbachev took command three years ago. In a meeting of the 300-member Central Committee called by Gorbachev with lightning speed, a series of retirements, reassessments and promotions swept out most of what remained of the Old Guard and strengthened the Soviet leader's control over the ruling Politburo.

The highest-ranking departing was Soviet President Andrei Gromyko, 79. In granting his "request to retire," the Central Committee cleared the way for Gorbachev to step into the office, which he did on Saturday. Gorbachev further strengthened his hand by shuffling off Yegor Ligachev, the party's former guardian of ideology and his main rival within the Politburo, to a new commission on agriculture, the quagmire of Soviet bureaucracy. According to Western observers, Gorbachev won Politburo approval of the shake-up while Ligachev was conveniently out of Moscow on vacation.

As surprising as some of the personnel changes were, Gorbachev's major coup was pushing through a scheme to slash and rearrange the Central Committee bureaucracy from some 20 departments to at least six. That streamlining sent a clear message to conservatives that the party chief was determined to pick up the pace of *perestroika* and make bold changes at the very top. Said Gorbachev on Saturday, at a special session of the 1,500-member Supreme Soviet (parliament) called to ratify the party changes: "The people understand our difficulties but demand more decisive and energetic efforts."

Last week's upheaval once again underscored the sheer ambition of Gorbachev's reform plan, which aims to achieve

not only the market-oriented economic restructuring envisioned by the Chinese but also fundamental political and social change. Two days before the Central Committee gathering, at a meeting with East German party leader Erich Honecker, Gorbachev responded to critics who wondered whether it wouldn't be easier to move step by step, first coping with one problem and then another. "Radical change," he said, is needed in the party, in the state, in agriculture, in industry, in personnel policy and most of all

CHINA

Its restructuring is more advanced. But a recent attempt to plug in new price decontrols led to consumer panic buying of everything from apples to salt.

GOVERNMENT State-party separation plans exist—on paper.

PARTY Its authority is rarely questioned in public but is eroding because of mushrooming official corruption.

AGRICULTURE The family-contract system has led to widespread peasant prosperity in some areas.

INDUSTRY Spotty progress in decentralization, but a two-tier price system can be a monkey wrench.

FREE SPEECH Virtually no counter-part to *glasnost* has been attempted.

SOVIET UNION

Despite ambitious plans, little progress has been made in changing a system that can produce a surplus of melons one day and none the next.

GOVERNMENT A more representative legislature with less party control; an activist presidency. Planning is on track, but little is in place.

PARTY Election by secret ballot and limits on tenure. Not yet in effect.

AGRICULTURE Limited experiments with family contract farms, but food shortages remain chronic.

INDUSTRY Most innovations have been thwarted by bureaucrats wedded to the status quo.

FREE SPEECH Glasnost, including the right to complain, has arrived.

Soviet Union may be a little too striking at times for Gorbachev, who told Soviet media officials to stop "collecting horror stories" about Soviet society. But he insisted that "we are not talking about any limits on *glasnost*." In fact, he seemed exhilarated by his tour through Siberia last month, when ordinary Soviets peppered him with complaints about housing and just about everything else. The exchanges, shown on national TV, may have emboldened him to act decisively last week, as if he now believed the people had matured politically faster than their leadership.

Three years after *perestroika* was introduced, its effects on day-to-day economic life remain meager to the point of near invisibility. Grocery shelves are even busier than they were two years ago, partly because of bad weather conditions. Gorbachev's determination to force industry to become "self-financing"—to fund current production from the proceeds of past sales—has run into bureaucratic snags, with central planners continuing to exert control over factory operations by placing "state orders" that effectively determine how much factories produce. Plans exist to revitalize the agricultural sector with a *podryad*, or contract, arrangement modeled on the highly successful family-contract system instituted by China. But this land-leasing scheme has not yet become common enough to indicate whether it will galvanize the Soviet Union's underproductive farms.

Leонид Абалкин, директор of the economic institute of Moscow's Academy of Sciences, blames bureaucratic mistakes, a drop in energy prices and even high clean-up costs after the Chernobyl nuclear accident for the lack of progress. But he also points a finger at the "inconsistency, indecisiveness and halfway measures."

that pervade the reform program, largely as a result of compromises with conservative foot-draggers.

Price reform has been acknowledged by Gorbachev as an essential element of *perestroika* and an eventual certainty on the Soviet agenda. But mindful of the disruption that such reform has caused not only in China but also in parts of Eastern Europe, he has done virtually nothing to cut back on state subsidies for everything from bread to meat and butter, which keep prices low but drain off billions of rubles annually. So far the leadership has not presented any plan for price reform, but the issue has triggered public debate. Says a parliamentary deputy: "Prices are not so much an economic category as political."

In China, which is much further along than the Soviet Union, an attempt to convert from partial to much broader free-market pricing has run into serious trouble. Last week a party plenum meeting in Beijing's Great Hall of the People approved measures designed to cool down an overheated economy and reduce an annual inflation rate that is officially conceded to be 19% but may be as high as 30%. As a result, the pace of price reform in China for the next two years is expected to slow significantly.

Beginning last spring, Beijing mandated a new push to decontrol the prices of such commodities as popular-brand cigarettes and liquor. Prices were allowed to rise from artificially low levels, often set as far back as the 1950s, to whatever the market would bear. But the plan covered only about half of all commodity prices. The rest, including those of such agricultural staples as rice and other grains, have generally remained fixed under the old rules. This two-tier approach has led to some economic absurdities: farmers, for example, must buy fertilizer at high, decontrolled prices but sell their grain crop at low controlled ones, sometimes at a loss.

To cushion consumers, authorities increased existing subsidies for many workers, supplementing their income without officially raising wages. Then in mid-August the Politburo announced that it would proceed with further commodity "floats," allowing the markets to set price levels for a majority of products. The result was a wave of panic buying and bank runs the likes of which China had not seen since prerevolutionary days. According to figures released two weeks ago, retail sales nationwide have leaped: they were 40% higher this August than last.

China's leaders reacted to the buying frenzy by ordering a classic economic clampdown: Beijing temporarily closed some banks to halt withdrawals, limited the size of some retail purchases and raised interest rates to soak up some of the money that the country has been printing at a record rate. Moreover, the Politburo, headed by party General Secretary Zhao Ziyang, Deng's handpicked heir apparent and a firm advocate of reforms, decided to



World

abandon further price decontrols this year. Even Deng appeared chastened by the eruption. Said he: "We have been bold enough for now."

The new approach poses a dilemma for Deng, Zhao and other reformers. Not only does the change of course expose popular fears of the market-oriented direction that the economy is taking but it also underscores the leadership's inability to force the middle levels of the party bureaucracy to administer the reforms. Referring to the pragmatic Zhao's victory over conservatives in winning the party leadership a year ago, a Western economic analyst summed up, "The leaders confused the fact that they no longer had political opposition with the illusion that the country was ready for such fundamental reforms. It was not."

The real question is whether China's economy—or for that matter any other based on Marxist principles—will ever be

ready. Optimists in China insist that the pricing setback is temporary and point out that especially broad decontrols in the southern province of Guangdong enacted experimentally in November 1987 were eventually accepted. Others are not so sure. Su Shaozhi, China's most eminent ideologist, is convinced that Communist states, as currently constituted, are "societies of scarcity of supply and excess demand." The only way to cure that dilemma, he argues, is to permit political pluralism, giving workers a voice in running the economic system in return for their sacrifices.

In some ways, China's road to reform should be less rocky than the Soviet Union's. Beijing does not have a nationalities problem as severe as the one that confronts and distracts Moscow. Unlike the Soviets, the Chinese seem imbued with a natural entrepreneurial drive.

But the Soviet Union has a broader industrial base, and its people are more highly skilled and better educated.

Considering how many problems Moscow and Beijing share in bringing their reform programs to fruition, it seems appropriate that the two countries announced last week that Chinese Foreign Minister Qian Qichen would visit Moscow later this year. If Qian talks with Gorbachev, it will be the first high-level official meeting between the two countries since 1969. The move signals Beijing's approval of recent Soviet foreign policy moves, notably a reduction in Moscow-supported Vietnamese troops in Kampuchea. It also raised the possibility of a Sino-Soviet summit meeting between Gorbachev and Deng in Beijing next year. If that comes off, Gorbachev can inspect China's meat stores for himself.

—By William R. Doerner

Reported by John Kahan/Moscow and Melissa Roberts/Beijing



Down: Gromyko . . .



Dobrynin . . .



Ligachev



Up: Yakovlev . . .



Biryukova



Sideways: Chebrikov

Winners and Losers

The biggest winner in last week's Kremlin reshuffle was the man who orchestrated it, Mikhail Gorbachev. He not only installed himself in a newly invigorated presidency but also retained his post as Communist Party General Secretary. Of the twelve voting members of the ruling Politburo, all but three have now been appointed by Gorbachev. Yet at 57 he remains the group's youngest member, a reminder of just how remarkable his rapid rise to power has been. Other major moves—up, down and sideways:

Andrei Gromyko, 79. After formally nominating Gorbachev to be General Secretary three years ago, the longtime Foreign Minister was rewarded with the mostly honorary post of President. But having served six Soviet leaders over nearly 50 years, he was the ultimate holdover and came under public attack during last summer's party conference. Retired.

Anatoli Dobrynin, 68. For 24 years the Soviet Ambassador to Washington, the poly-poly Dobrynin was installed by Gorbachev as the party's chief foreign affairs adviser in 1986. He was frequently seen with Gorbachev when the General Secretary received foreign leaders, and was thus believed safe in his job. But he may have been too closely associated with the Gromyko era in foreign affairs to adjust well to Gorbachev's "new thinking." Retired.

Yegor Ligachev, 67. As recently as last August, the beefy former Siberian party chief felt secure enough to engage Gorbachev supporters on the Politburo in a slinging match over party ideology, his special field. In a move that seemed designed to isolate a Gorbachev rival without firing him outright, Ligachev was transferred to the thankless post of over-

seeing the Soviet Union's troubled agricultural sector. It remained unclear whether he would retain his No. 2 Politburo ranking. Demoted.

Vladimír Medvedev, 59. A brainy culture specialist who rose through the ranks of the Leningrad party organization, Medvedev since 1983 has headed the Central Committee's Science and Education Department. His appointment as a voting member of the Politburo, over the heads of seven nonvoting members waiting in the wings for such a summons, is little short of astonishing. In effect, moreover, he was given Ligachev's ideological portfolio. Promoted.

Alexander Yakovlev, 64. Ambassador to Canada for ten years, Yakovlev has been a key architect of the Gorbachev reform program. He was given a reorganized version of Dobrynin's Central Committee job dealing with foreign affairs. Promoted.

Anatoli Lukyanov, 58. A Gorbachev confidant, he scored a double hit, winning a nonvoting seat on the Politburo and a first vice presidency in the government. Promoted.

Vladimir Kryuchkov, 64. Like Gorbachev a protégé of Yuri Andropov, he has served since 1974 as head of the KGB's foreign-intelligence operation. Kryuchkov was named to his late mentor's longtime job as chief of the KGB over several more senior officials. Promoted.

Alexandra Biryukova, 59. A consumer-affairs specialist on the Central Committee, she was named a nonvoting Politburo member, the first woman to hold such a post in 27 years. Promoted.

Viktor Chebrikov, 65. Already a voting member of the Politburo, Chebrikov was moved from chief of the KGB to head a Central Committee panel that will oversee legal reform. Sideways.

World



This way to the exit: the former commander of the country's No. 1 fighting force

HAITI

The General vs. the Colonel

A new regime moves to crack down on the thriving drug trade

The burly senior officer who strode into Haitian army headquarters in Port-au-Prince last week was greeted by delighted shouts of "Paulo!" But Colonel Jean-Claude Paul, commander of the 700 elite troops at the Dessalines barracks who make up Haiti's toughest fighting force, is far from universally adored. Critics call him a harsh commander whose soldiers have fired on unarmed civilians, and the U.S. indicted him in Miami last March for drug trafficking. Although Paul denies the charge, the indictment came to symbolize a growing rupture with the U.S. that threatened Haiti's desire to advance from turmoil to democracy.

In a dramatic demonstration of that desire, Haiti's newest government last week abruptly pushed Paul, 49, into retirement. The move came one day after a prodemocracy march by fiercely nationalistic Haitians turned into an anti-American protest and a rally for Paul. At 10:30 p.m. last Friday, a televised bulletin announced that Paul had retired from the army with a pension of \$960 a month. Paul negotiated the agreement with Lieut. General Prosper Avril, his 1961 classmate at Haiti's military academy, who is now President of the country. Lieut. Colonel Guy François, Paul's U.S.-trained second-in-command, was named to succeed him as head of the Dessalines barracks.

Paul's ouster removed a powerful supporter of Avril, who took office last month in a coup. But Paul's presence had made it virtually certain that Washington would continue to withhold \$70 million in aid that it cut off last November after a massacre by thugs and Haitian troops aborted a presidential election.

U.S. State Department officials praised the forced retirement but foresaw no resumption of aid until Avril begins to implement long-needed democratic reforms. Among Washington's requirements: a timetable for elections for a civilian government. "This is a good first step," said a State Department official. "We don't want to take away from the fact that this enhances the climate, but we need to see more." Officials noted with relief that Paul's removal "will improve the prospects for increased cooperation in the fight against drugs."

Haiti has become an increasingly important battleground in that fight. The



Prosper Avril: braver than was expected
But how long will he stay?

Caribbean nation emerged as a drug capital last year after a U.S.-led crackdown partly choked off the Bahamas end of the pipeline to Miami. Forced to find a new route, Colombia-based *narcotraficantes* began flying cocaine to Haiti and transshipping it by boat to Miami. At first the clandestine incursion was little noticed. Endemic corruption and poverty made the island easy prey for the drug cartels. The country's mountains and countless coves are well suited for smugglers. Drug agents have mapped more than 20 small airstrips in Haiti's rugged interior, where landings and takeoffs are shielded from radar detection.

But what largely greased the way was the protection granted by well-rewarded provincial army officers who operated as virtually independent warlords. Drug-laden planes land regularly at the government airport in Cap-Haitien. An estimated 1,000 Colombians reportedly are in Haiti, some of whom are suspected of involvement in smuggling networks. "For 2½ years the country has been without any effective central control, and these commanders had their own little fiefdoms," said a young Haitian social scientist. "Many were obviously interested in quick profits."

The swelling drug tide quickly swamped Haiti's law-enforcement capabilities. Only 19 policemen have been assigned to antidrug squads throughout the country. Their only equipment is two jeeps and five radios that the U.S. provided in 1985. The U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration last year persuaded Washington to earmark \$200,000 for communications equipment to bolster Haitian drug enforcement. But the money has not yet been released.

Since August 1987, U.S. Customs officers have found nearly 6,000 lbs. of cocaine on Haitian freighters. Sources say that up to 13,000 lbs. of cocaine is routinely stockpiled in Haiti at any given time. That supply has made Haitian drug prices perhaps the lowest in the world and created severe addiction problems among youths in Port-au-Prince and other cities.

Avril vowed last week to wipe out the drug traffic. Noting that some officers discharged since the coup have been associated with narcotics, Avril said, "They had blemished the image of the armed forces." Avril has also moved to disarm the remnants of the Tonton Macoutes, the dreaded secret police during the 28-year dictatorship of François ("Papa Doc") Duvalier and his son Jean-Claude ("Baby Doc"), who fled in 1986. Although calling himself only an "accidental and provisional President," Avril pledged to prepare the way for an "irreversible democracy." Said he "I am a missionary." The President obviously expects his mission to be advanced by the retirement of the powerful but problematic Paul.

—By John Greenwald.
Reported by Bernard Diederich/Port-au-Prince
and Elaine Shannon/Washington

World

MIDDLE EAST

Plastic, but Deadly

Palestinian casualties surge

At the 75-bed Al-Ahli Arab Hospital in the Gaza Strip last week, wounded Palestinian protesters jammed the emergency room. After unsuccessful surgery, Abdulatif, 26, fingered the yellowing gauze wrapped around his left leg. Still lodged deep in his left thigh was a plastic bullet, Israel's latest ammunition against the ten-month-old *intifadeh* (uprising) by Palestinians in the occupied territories. Abdulatif pulled aside the bandage to reveal a reddish silver-dollar-size hole in his flesh. Explained a nurse: "There is no difference between plastic and real bullets. They both enter the body and destroy."

Since Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin instructed his soldiers in late August to start using cartridges tipped with plastic to break up riots in the occupied territories, Palestinian casualties in Gaza alone have leaped from about 20 in July to more than 170 in September. At close range, the bullets can even kill. Not surprisingly, Rabin's latest gambit to crush the *intifadeh* has provoked yet another round of criticism from abroad and from Israel's far left, which charges Rabin with excessive brutality. But it has also raised a disturbing new question: Are Israeli leaders turning up the violence against Palestinians as a way of pandering to voters before Israel's crucial nationwide election on Nov. 17?

Last week, as seven protesters were killed—two by plastic bullets—and more than 90 others wounded, the U.S. State Department rebuked Israel by saying there is "no justification" for deliberately causing Palestinian casualties. Some U.S. officials charge that Rabin's plastic bullets are aimed at the voters. The Defense Minister, considered the No. 2 figure in Israel's Labor Party, dismisses the notion that his new crackdown is politically motivated. But he makes no apologies about stepping up the army's operations. "The rioters are suffering more casualties," he told reporters during a tour of the West Bank. "That is precisely our aim. Our purpose is to increase the number of [injured] among those who take part in violent activities, but not to kill them."

Rabin contends that other methods of curbing the protests have proved ineffective, including tear gas and the brutal beatings that prompted an international outcry earlier this year. Israeli troops are



Wounded Arab in a Gaza hospital

Aiming to maim with special bullets.

generally barred from using regular ammunition unless their lives are in immediate danger. Israel has tried dispersing protesters by firing rubber bullets, which bruise but rarely penetrate the skin. Aggressive Palestinians were undaunted. The new 556-mm plastic projectiles are

supposedly less lethal than full metal jackets, but they are intended to cause injuries serious enough to put demonstrators out of action.

By design or not, Rabin's new crackdown may have the political benefit of reassuring Israeli voters who deem the Labor Party soft on the Palestinians. The right-wing Likud bloc of Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir refuses to surrender any of the West Bank and Gaza, and some members even boast they could crush the *intifadeh* in weeks. Labor leader Shimon Peres has endorsed proposals for negotiations that would return some territory to Arab rule, which many interpret as signifying an inability to quell the rebellion. Rabin seems determined to prove them wrong. Said Shamir media adviser Avi Pazner: "If you take the last nine months, it's certainly helped Labor to have a tough Defense Minister."

Ultimately, Rabin's rough tactics may make little difference in Labor's campaign to win a majority in the 120-seat Knesset. The November vote is widely seen as a referendum on whether Israel should keep the occupied lands or get out. The latest opinion polls show Labor and Likud running neck and neck. Israel's two main political groupings thus may be forced to spend yet another four years as uneasy partners in a coalition that must deal with an uprising no kind of bullet has managed to quell.

—By Scott MacLeod

Reported by Jon D. Hall/Gaza City



Israel's new ammo

PRIZES

Sorry, Ron And Mikhail

A Nobel for U.N. peacekeepers

In Washington they waited. In Moscow they waited. In Oslo they knew. Despite persistent rumors that Ronald Reagan and Mikhail Gorbachev would share the 1988 Nobel Peace Prize for signing last year's agreement banning intermediate-range nuclear weapons, the prize was awarded last week to the United Nations peacekeeping forces. Egil Aarvik, chairman of the five-member Norwegian Nobel Committee, cited the multinational army of 8,600 for its contribution to "reducing tensions where an armistice has been negotiated but a peace treaty has yet to be established." First sent into action in 1948 as an observer mission between Israel and its Arab neighbors, the peacekeeping forces have enforced an uneasy calm in 14 conflicts and are currently deployed in nine countries. Over the years, the forces have lost more than 700 lives.

The news further lifted morale at the U.N., which, after years of being criticized by the U.S. as irrelevant and ineffectual, has enjoyed notable successes in helping end the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and the Iran-Iraq war. U.N. Secretary-General Javier Pérez de Céspedes, who will travel to Oslo in early December to accept the medal and \$388,000 on behalf of the soldiers, was also touted as a possible prizewinner.

Though the U.N. forces are obviously a worthy selection, Aarvik did little to dampen speculation that the committee passed over Reagan and Gorbachev out of concern that the award would boost George Bush's presidential chances. Asked if the U.S. election campaign played a part in the decision, Aarvik replied: "We take everything into consideration, everything."



On patrol in southern Lebanon

More than 700 lives lost in 40 years.

The Wound That Will Not Heal

Why Washington and Hanoi refuse to let the MIA issue die

Once again U.S. jeeps rolled through the rugged countryside of Viet Nam last week, but on a very different mission from that of 15 years ago. Accompanied by Vietnamese officials, two teams of Americans visited several sites north of Hanoi for clues to the fate of U.S. flyers missing in action in the Viet Nam War. The investigators were armed with metal detectors and a rare diplomatic privilege: for the first time, Americans were allowed to interview peasants and villagers who may have seen plane crashes or the captures of airmen during the war.

The intense search reflected the anguish of American families who still cannot be certain whether their missing loved ones are alive or dead. With a persistence born from desperation, they continue to demand a full accounting of the 2,393 servicemen listed as missing in action in Southeast Asia, 1,757 of whom were lost in Viet Nam.¹ "The driving force is the uncertainty," says Ann Mills Griffiths, executive director of the National League of Families of American Prisoners and Missing in Southeast Asia. "We are determined to seek answers."

But after 15 years, the remains of only 190 Americans have been returned, and both Viet Nam and the Reagan Administration seem reluctant to admit outright that most of those missing may never be accounted for. Yet the issue remains politically and diplomatically alive for both sides. Reagan took office with an apparent belief that some MIAs might still be living; at the same time, the President was critical of previous Administrations for what he considered their neglect of the question. In 1981 the White House created a Washington-based task force of more than 100 investigators to probe reports of servicemen missing in Southeast Asia. For its part, Hanoi views the MIA issue as its strongest lever for establishing diplomatic relations with the U.S. and thereby gaining desperately needed economic aid. "What else do we have?" asks a Foreign Ministry official.

The U.S. tacitly refuses to recognize Viet Nam until all questions about missing Americans have been satisfactorily resolved. Meantime, U.S. experts have met Vietnamese officials 21 times in Hanoi since 1982 to discuss the recovery

¹The remainder: 547 MIAs in Laos, 83 in Kampuchea and six in China.

of American remains. The meetings have led to two joint searches and a list of 40 U.S. servicemen who died in captivity.

Vietnamese officials have long believed that Hanoi was misled by former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger into expecting at least \$3 billion in U.S. assistance after the war. The Politburo may now hope to squeeze some of that money out of the U.S. by alternately cooperating and dragging its feet on the MIA issue. Viet Nam seemed to be fol-

Most missing U.S. soldiers were lost during battles in what was then South Viet Nam, where the heaviest ground fighting took place. But the U.S. seemingly squandered a chance to gain valuable information when it failed to pursue the MIA issue between the time of the cease-fire in 1973 and the fall of South Viet Nam in 1975. In the north, where many airmen vanished, mountainous terrain continues to hamper searches, and the highly acidic soil quickly erodes remains. Search operations are time consuming and expensive for impoverished Hanoi. "The Vietnamese haven't got much incentive to make searches," says a U.S. official in Southeast Asia. "I mean, how much is in it for them, other than finding the remains of a dead American?"

Hanoi denies holding any American POWs, and foreign diplomats in the capital tend to believe it. On a visit to Viet Nam earlier this year, TIME correspondent William Stewart asked a group of recently freed Vietnamese political prisoners whether they had seen or heard of American captives. All said they had not. One senior Vietnamese official said that while he had heard occasional reports of Americans in the countryside, he believed that any actual sightings were of deserters or mixed-race children of U.S. servicemen.

Yet reported sightings continue to foster hope in the U.S. "We believe Americans are still alive in Indochina," says Griffiths. According to her group, 11% of 1,084 sightings of Americans reported since 1975 cannot be dismissed as fabrications or otherwise explained away. The National League believes that more than 60 sightings may have been of prisoners of war. In Washington officials will only say that the possibility of live Americans in Southeast Asia "cannot be ruled out."

That sort of comment raises the hopes of families such as that of Lieutenant Colonel Anthony Shine, who vanished in 1972 while piloting an Air Force reconnaissance jet near the border of Laos and Viet Nam. Shine has been listed as missing in action ever since. "It's not knowing for sure that makes it tough," says Colleen Shine, 24, the flyer's daughter. "There's always the chance that he might walk into this room." For Colleen Shine and thousands like her, that uncertainty remains more terrible than accepting the death of a loved one.

—By John Greenwald
Reported by Peter Janssen/Hanoi and Bruce van Voorst/Washington



Heading home: presumed remains of U.S. servicemen at Hanoi airport
The fate of most of the missing may never be fully accounted for.

lowing that cynical strategy last July when it abruptly halted plans for a joint excavation of crash sites. The move may have been provoked by Washington's refusal to agree to low-level diplomatic ties until Viet Nam completes the withdrawal of an estimated 100,000 troops from Kampuchea.

Yet Hanoi has also shown a willingness to cooperate. Viet Nam has returned some 70 sets of remains so far this year, in contrast to only eight for all of 1987. When examined, though, just 18 of the remains gathered over the past two years have so far been identified as those of Americans. The rest belonged to Asians or were unidentifiable. The discrepancy could indicate that Hanoi hastily collected and sent the remains to show its desire for improved relations with Washington.

World Notes



ROMANCE Tender memories



MIDDLE EAST A pesky sliver of beachfront



POLAND Rakowski accepts the job

MIDDLE EAST

Treacherous Shoreline

For six years, Israel and Egypt have wrangled over ownership of a mere 250 acres of beachfront on the Gulf of Aqaba. To Egypt, Taba was an integral part of the Sinai, retrieved in 1982 under the terms of the Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty. To Israel, it was a popular resort that draws tens of thousands of vacationers a year. Last week an international arbitration panel effectively awarded sovereignty to Egypt.

That is no guarantee, however, that the exasperating dispute is finally over. Israel now says negotiations are needed to decide who owns the resort's lucrative hotel. The conservative Likud is also using the dispute to bash its Labor rivals in Israel's election campaign. Although both parties had agreed to arbitration, Likud politicos are angrily demanding, "Who lost Taba?"

ROMANCE

Remembrance Of Loves Past

Ah, first love. Everyone can recall the earliest flutter of the heart, even (or especially?) French Presidents. "I disappeared each day between the noon and evening meals . . .

waiting long hours (for her) hidden behind a sand dune," writes François Mitterrand about the first time he was smitten, at 15. Mitterrand's poignant reminiscence of pursuing—and failing to catch—an unnamed girl during a family vacation in Belgium appears in *Their Very First Time*, which goes on sale in France this week. The volume includes the romantic flashbacks of 95 other notables, including generals, civil servants and a race-car driver.

The world was almost deprived of Mitterrand's tender musings. Though he agreed last spring to write about the cherished moment, he did the writerly thing and missed his deadline: 25,000 copies of the book were printed without his entry. At the last minute, Mitterrand came through with two pages of text, which were inserted into 50,000 additional copies. Love conquers all, even blown deadlines.

SPAIN

Nailing Down The Bases

After some two years of bargaining, the U.S. and Spain last week finally reached an agreement extending the U.S. lease on four military bases on Spanish soil. Under the accord worked out by U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz and Spanish Foreign Minister Francisco Fernandez Ordoñez,

the U.S. retains access to the bases for eight years. The current pact expired in May.

A major sticking point was Spain's insistence that the U.S. be prohibited from bringing nuclear arms onto Spanish territory. Washington refuses to disclose whether its ships or aircraft carry nuclear weapons. The deadlock was finally broken when Spain tacitly agreed to renounce its right to inspect U.S. vessels.

The U.S. had earlier agreed to withdraw 72 F-16 fighters from Torrejón Air Base outside Madrid, and will probably abandon the base. Under the new pact, Spain is giving up all the guarantees of specific levels of U.S. aid contained in previous bases agreements. Last year military aid alone came to \$400 million.

PAKISTAN

Massacre in Hyderabad

The murder spree seemed well planned. At 7:30 p.m. last Friday, bands of local Sindhis sped through the Pakistani city of Hyderabad and opened fire on crowded street markets, movie houses and bus stops.

They even attacked a wedding party. The massacre claimed the lives of at least 160 Mohajirs, a people who immigrated to Pakistan after India was partitioned in 1947. Then came the revenge. In Karachi, 100 miles away, gangs of Mo-

hajirs sprayed Sindhi neighborhoods with gunfire, killing about 50 people.

Pakistani troops quickly quelled the violence after moving into both cities, but the long-standing tensions between the groups remained high. The latest troubles began in July, when Sindhi terrorists demanding autonomy for the Sind province staged an unsuccessful assassination attempt against the Mohajir mayor of Hyderabad.

POLAND

No Olive Branch

When Prime Minister Zbigniew Messner resigned two weeks ago, Poles figured that the choice of his successor would say much about the regime's attitude toward demands for reform. It did. Last week Mieczyslaw Rakowski, 61, a critic of the banned Solidarity union, became the new Prime Minister. Said a Solidarity official: "This is the worst possible choice."

Rakowski took on some formidable problems, notably a deteriorating food situation, labor unrest and a round-table meeting set for this month with "moderate" opposition groups, including Solidarity. On his first day in office, Rakowski countered his Solidarity opponents by saying, "Our enemies have not yet surrendered." No olive branch there.

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Second in a Series

THE ART OF CONVERSATION

by Judith Viorst

I'm always delivering messages to my children. Messages about their character, their safety, their manners and morals. *life*. My sons are all in their twenties now, and they aren't exactly panting to get advice from me. But this doesn't seem to stop me from attempting to send them messages, which I slip—or should I say shove?—into all conversations:

To thine own self be true.
Practice safe sex. Don't forget to write thank-you notes and eat vegetables. Prepare for the future by putting a little something away every week. Check your tires before you drive to Cleveland. To which my wise-guy oldest son replies, "How about if I only drive to Baltimore?"

Sometimes I try to undermine my children's staunch resistance to my messages by poking fun at what they regard as my flaws. "Hi, there," I'll say, "this is your overprotective, paranoid mother with some words of advice about drugs and sex and seat belts." Sometimes I press my messages home with some cautionary tale of what happens to children who scorn maternal advice. And sometimes I strive for, and actually reach, heights of genuine eloquence; my message is brilliant, relevant, sensitive, deep. Except, once I have delivered it, I find myself compelled to keep delivering it.

"I want you to understand...."

"Mom, I already understood ten minutes ago."

"But there's one thing I'd like to clarify...."

"You've already clarified everything—a lot."

"Let me just repeat...."

"You've already repeated. And repeated. And repeated."

But what can I do? It's hard to believe they have actually heard what I've said, unless I've said it six or seven times. And I really want them to hear, because I've got so many messages to deliver.

Change your underwear daily. Help those who are less fortunate than yourselves. Always look both ways while crossing the street. Bring the soup spoon up to your mouth instead of vice versa. And if you must play football, please, I beg you, don't play tackle—play touch.

Enlarging on this last point, I add a clearly rhetorical question: "You wouldn't want to end up with broken bones and even possible brain damage, would you?"

To which my fresh-mouthed youngest son replies: "Gee, Mom, could I just think about that a minute? Do I or don't I want to end up with broken bones and even possible brain damage? On the one hand...."

It's never easy—delivering my messages. Sometimes I try the direct approach. "There's something I would like to discuss with you, darling." But mostly I try the oblique approach: "Speaking of that reminds me..." or "Oh, by the way." But whatever subject I speak on and whatever approach I use, my kids seem to know in advance what I'm going to say.

For instance, I will casually mention, "It's beautiful out today—a feast for the eyes."

To which my smartie-pants middle son, without hesitation, replies: "You're wondering if I've

gone for my annual eye checkup."

When did my children learn to know me so well? I guess I should be grateful that, instead of hanging up or walking away, they sigh, shake their heads—and in their own way—indulge me.

"Excuse me, Mom, I want to get this straight: You're reminding me to be on time for my job interview?"

"Oh, I know that it is probably unnecessary to remind you, but...."

"No, no. It's a great idea. A brilliant idea. And I never would have thought of it all by myself."

I think they keep indulging me because they can hear, beneath my pesty pronouncements, the love that I bear for them. And I think I keep sending my messages because, despite their "there she goes again" moans, I believe that they sometimes actually heed what I say. In any case, I can't stop myself, so I guess I'll just continue delivering messages in my not-very-subtle, not-very-graceful way:

Waste not, want not. Be willing to work at relationships. Don't pour grease in the sink or you'll clog up the drain. Get into the habit of flossing your teeth at bedtime. Don't cause anybody needless pain. Be sensible. Be kind. Be careful. Listen to your mother, she knows....

Messages.

Judith Viorst has written twenty-four books for children and adults. Her new book, *Forever Fifty and Other Negotiations*, will be published next year.

What do you do when your dreams
have pulled you away from
the one person who taught you to push?



Call Dad and
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BETA CAROTENE AND CANCER. A PROGRESS REPORT.

For several years, both the National Cancer Institute and the American Cancer Society have been recommending diets that include foods rich in Beta Carotene.

Why? Because population studies have indicated a clear association between diets high in Beta Carotene rich foods and a lower incidence of certain forms of cancer. A similar association based on actual measurements of Beta Carotene levels in the blood has also been shown in several studies, including a recent one conducted at Johns Hopkins University.*

Based on increasing evidence from these studies and numerous other research findings, the National Cancer Institute is currently sponsoring 14 long-term, large scale studies which include Beta Carotene as a possible cancer inhibitor.

These studies, involving cancers of the lung, colon, skin and esophagus, are being conducted around the world: in America, in Europe, in China, and in Africa. They are measuring the effects of Beta Carotene in dietary supplement form. The supplements given in a number of the studies combine Beta Carotene with other nutrients.

Data from this research should begin to appear in the next few years. While the scientific community continues its research in this vital health area, you should consider carefully the recommendations of the major cancer prevention authorities, including, of course, not smoking and having regular check-ups.

NCI CANCER PREVENTION TRIALS USING BETA CAROTENE

LOCATION	CANCER	STUDY GROUP
1. Boston	All	Physicians
2. Finland	Lung	Smokers
3. Seattle	Lung	Smokers
4. Pittsburgh	Lung	Smokers
5. Seattle	Lung	Asbestos
6. Tyler, TX	Lung	Asbestos
7. China	Lung	Tin Miners
8. Hanover, NH	Colon	Polyps
9. Chicago	Colon	Polyps
10. China	Esophagus	Dysplasia
11. China	Esophagus	General Population
12. Tanzania	Skin	Albino
13. Hanover, NH	Skin	Previous Skin Cancer
14. New York City	Skin	Previous Skin Cancer

*Serum Beta Carotene, Vitamins A and E, Selenium and Risk of Lung Cancer
New England Journal of Medicine, November 13, 1986.



Video

Late Night With Alex And Dima

Glasnost hits Soviet TV, and viewers are riveted

It is 11:15 p.m. A suave young man in a red tie and gray pinstripe suit is seen walking through a grove of trees outside Moscow's Ostankino television center. Vladimir Molchanov, 37, host of the late-night television show *Before and After Midnight*, is opening his monthly broadcast with an elegiac monologue on the passing of summer. By the time Molchanov has entered the studio, oak branch in hand, Soviet viewers have been treated to brisk, taped reports on an Australian stork breeder, a Japanese horseback-riding robot and the world's largest egg. The 90-minute show also features videos from rock stars like Michael Jackson and Sting.

By the once staid standards of Soviet television, Western music videos and a smooth transition from the great outdoors to the broadcast studio seem revolution enough on the airwaves. But the millions of Soviets who watch Molchanov's show find it spellbinding for other reasons: They tune in for a glimpse of Mikhail Gorbachev's *glasnost*, a prominent Soviet writer denouncing the "monstrous slavery" of Stalinism, scenes of rusting rail-way cars in an abandoned stretch of the Gulag, even rare film footage of Czar Nicholas II and the royal family.

Over on *View*, a hip late-night hybrid of *60 Minutes* and MTV, co-hosts "Alex" Lyubimov, 26, and "Dima" Zakharov, 30, prefer what they jokingly call the "rough and macho" look. They wear T shirts and blue jeans. At times they may seem bit cocky, inviting viewers to send in such oddities as leaden macaroni mixes or bread loaves containing glass chips for their "museum of shoddy goods." But they are as earnest as Molchanov in exploring the boundaries of *glasnost*.

View, broadcast on Friday night, routinely touches taboo topics and raw nerve ends. The show's reporters have interviewed young neo-Nazis, Soviet investigators on the Mafia beat and Afghan vets who brawled with police and have the bruises to show for it. Even the mu-



On the set of *Before and After Midnight*, a guest prepares to face host Molchanov

sic carries a message, whether it be a video from the Eurythmics that uses snippets from the film *1984* or a satiric jazz ditty from the Soviet group Akvarium, complete with Stalinist-era newsreels and pictures of a booted foot atop a typewriter and a saxophone. The show's philosophy, as explained by Zakharov: "The more *glasnost* there is on television, the more *glasnost* there will be in daily life."

There is no equivalent to the Nielsen ratings in the Soviet Union, but according to the latest "popularity index" in the weekly *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, Soviet audiences ranked *View* and *Before and After Midnight* in first and third place. TV viewers now have such an insatiable appetite for information that news and talk shows occupy seven of the Top Ten spots. As Boris Purgalin, a former scriptwriter for TV entertainment programs, notes, "Who would find sports interesting anymore, when talk shows turn into real battle of opinions?"

Not too long ago, bored Soviet audiences found little of interest to watch but the evening news, an occasional "world of

nature" documentary or the mildly spicy cabaret programs and quiz shows. Nor was late-night TV suitable for a working class that had to rise early to go out and build the permanent revolution. In the words of Estonian journalist Urmas Ott, state-controlled Central Television was like "preserved food: perfectly round and sealed, so that nothing spoiled, nothing changed, and nothing was very interesting."

Gorbachev lost no time in freshening the menu when he came to power in March 1985. He pensioned off Sergei Lapin, who for 15 years had been guarding the airwaves from ideological "deviation" as chairman of Gosteleradio, the State Committee for Television and Radio. With a vigor that invited comparisons to John F. Kennedy, Gorbachev set about teaching the country a lesson in *glasnost*. He began to go on "walkabouts," mingling with the masses and speaking his mind, as if unaware that cameras were recording his every move.

If the Soviet leader hopes to circumvent entrenched conservatives in the bureaucracy and pitch his policy of *perestroika* directly to the people, he has good reason to turn to television. Not all rural areas of the Soviet Union may have indoor plumbing, but TV antennas rise above the rooftops of wooden peasant huts in even the most isolated villages. In 1960 there were only 22 television sets for every thousand Soviets; by 1986 the number had climbed to 299. Gosteleradio



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surveys have found that up to 86% of their sample group consider television to be their primary source of news about the outside world. Moreover, 63% believe it to be the main influence in shaping their attitudes and values.

The state television system responded to Gorbachev's call for *perestroika* by adding four more hours of programming each day to the two national channels. You can stay up late; you can get up early. A morning show called *90 Minutes* proved so popular that it soon expanded to *120 Minutes*. Now collective-farm workers can turn on their sets and get an update on how the harvest is faring in the Volgograd district. For prurient relief, they can watch music videos of East German TV dancers, slinking about in peekaboo sequined costumes.

Even *Time (Vremya)*, the stodgy evening news program, regarded as something of a national institution in the Soviet Union, has had an injection of "new thinking." A ten-minute investigative report, called *Searchlight of Perestroika*, has been tacked onto the end of the broadcast. The mini-documentary covers everything from illegal trading in moonshine to the environmental crisis of the shrinking Aral Sea and the problems of buying artificial limbs.

Some of the more intriguing experiments are going on in local TV studios.

Good Evening, Moscow!, a daily news and commentary show on the Moscow channel, sends out a young journalist with an "express camera" to film slice-of-life vignettes on city streets. The show also cautions officials to take the hot seat for questions called in by viewers. The Leningrad channel broadcasts the provocative cultural digest *Fifth Wheel*, focusing on "superfluous people" in the arts and letters, as well as the offbeat *600 Seconds* news show, in which commentator Alexander Nevorov races against a flashing digital clock to summarize the day's events, from cultural calendar to police blotter. Journalist Ott from Estonian TV has been so successful with one-on-one celebrity interviews that his regional program *Television Acquaintance* has been imported to national television.

Television *glasnost* has had its glitches. In a country where "anchormen" have had merely to pick up a TASS wire and read it, few were prepared for the challenge of improvising on live television. The *View* crew, for example, was drafted from the World Service of Radio Moscow, where commentators had more freedom in preparing shows for foreign listeners. Molchanov, who began his career as a print journalist, recalls that "at the beginning, I had to take agulp and realize that everything was possible when I went on live."

But the new crop of younger TV hosts has proved a quick study in knowing what to say and show, especially at a time when things forbidden one month may be permissible the next. *View* host Zakharov compares it with being "a sharpshooter. You have to wait until the right moment to hit the target. But you must learn to compromise. That is part of the new tolerance."

Some Soviet television critics take a measured view of the changes. The only truly fresh idea developed at Ostankino headquarters, they contend, has been the "music-information" program, a formula that has been successfully repeated three times in *View: Before and After Midnight* and *120 Minutes*. Critic Liudmila Pol'skaya of *Literaturnaya Gazeta* even suggests that the two national channels should compete with each other to spur greater imagination and innovation. "The workings of Central Television are like a closed black box," she argues. "There is no place for such a monopoly during a period of *perestroika*. The truth is that even after 40 years, Soviet television is still in the cradle."

Maybe so, but the baby has taken a first giant step. Says Molchanov: "Who would ever have thought three years ago that we would even have live broadcasts where tough and pointed questions could be asked?"

—By John Kohan/Moscow

Piercing the Privacy Veil

The formula is simple: a celebrity, an interviewer and a video camera. That is all Estonian journalist Urmas Ott, 33, requires for his monthly 90-minute interview show, *Television Acquaintance*, which ranks fourth on the nation's popularity index. Never mind that the back of his head is more familiar to audiences than his face or that he speaks Russian with a syncopated Estonian accent. Soviet viewers feel that they are eavesdropping on an intimate chat with such personalities as chess champion Anatoly Karpov, figure skater Irina Rodnina, painter Ilya Glazunov and pop singer Alla Pugacheva.

Ott jokes that his appeal for Russian viewers can be explained by the fact that "I'm not one of them and I'm not foreign." He belongs, instead, to the Estonian school of TV and radio reporters, sharpened by competition with Western broadcasting from nearby Finland. Ott believes the art of interviewing was lost during the Brezhnev years, when prepared answers to prepared questions became the norm. With *Television Acquaintance* he has set about reviving the genre and giving it a personal spin. As he bluntly puts it: "An interview is not a speech."

In a country where the private lives of public figures are veiled in mystery, Ott dares to ask questions that others only think about. What salaries do Soviet athletes earn? What sort of family life does an opera singer have? His guests may balk at the questions or try to evade them, but every honest answer is a small victory for

openness. Says Ott: "I am sometimes accused of being too philistine in my approach. But I think such questions are exactly what viewers find interesting. Families, apartments and salaries are the only points where their lives touch and overlap with celebrities."

If Ott's style of questioning were turned on himself, he would reply that he is a bachelor who shares an apartment with relatives in Tallinn, the Baltic port city that serves as Estonia's capital. "If I were a Russian, the only type of life for me would be in Moscow," he says. "But I am an Estonian, and the surroundings in Tallinn suit me." As for his salary, he is paid the equivalent of \$320 for each broadcast. Ott considers playing tennis a "sacred activity." Not that he has much free time these days. A celebrity in his own right, he frequently travels around the country to answer questions from viewers at "creative evenings." He also manages to make an occasional appearance as anchorman on the Estonian evening news.

Ott believes Soviet TV has responded too cautiously to the possibilities of *glasnost*. Sometimes he muses about expanding his spectrum of guests. Since he is an avid fan of classical music, he is eager to interview international artists like Leonard Bernstein and even émigré cellist Mstislav Rostropovich. Nor would he rule out a broadcast with exiled novelist Alexander Solzhenitsyn. He has also considered bringing on leading Soviet economists and politicians. Says he: "We now read the papers and watch TV in a kind of ecstasy, as if something extraordinary has happened. But what is so extraordinary about it? We are simply beginning to live a normal life."



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On Getting To The Bottom Of Things.

by Barry Clifford



Barry Clifford is one of the world's most successful treasure hunters and the brains behind the discovery of up to \$400 million in gold, silver and jewels aboard the sunken "Wreck of the Week," an 18th century privateer ship.

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It was after our last high school football game. A bunch of buddies and I went exploring on one of the beaches near Wellfleet on Cape Cod.

Anyway, we were standing there when the biggest, most perfectly formed moon I'd ever seen rose, creating a path of light out to this point on the ocean.

I still remember saying, "There's a shipwreck out there, along that path, and I'm going to find it." Well, there was a wreck out there alright. But finding it took a lot more than a moonbeam.

I mean, most people have no idea how hard it is to find sunken treasure. Take the H.M.S. Hussar, for instance. Now there's a vessel that went down in the East River in New York back in 1780. She's got maybe \$600 million in booty lying down there collecting mud.

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People

In *Fatal Attraction* she portrayed a sweetly loving wife who helps her husband get rid of his obsessed mistress. In *Leap of Faith*, a CBS TV movie set to air Oct. 6, she plays Debby Ogg, a real-life housewife who successfully battled cancer by using alternative therapies like acupuncture. But in the new role, **Annie Archer**, 41, also gets to reveal her less demure attributes in sultry interludes with actor **Sam Nelli**. Says she: "We had some very sexy scenes in bed." Archer's superspouse image, however, stops at the studio door. Of life with her husband, TV producer-director **Terry Janklow**, and their two sons, she says, "I'm as rattled as anyone who is trying to run a profession and be married with children. Perfection is out of the question."



Actress Archer will reveal her sultry side

When the starship *Enterprise* blasts off for the fall TV season next month, there will be a new resident alien on board. Comedian **Whoopi Goldberg**, 38, will play the part of Guinan, a humanoid lounge hostess, in several episodes of the syndicated *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. "I've always been a Trekkie," says the di-

nimite Goldberg. "If they had said, 'You're going to play a fuzzball,' I would have said, 'Great!'" Despite her comic turns in *Jumpin' Jack Flash* and *Burglar*, Goldberg intends to get serious on *Star Trek*. Her character, who dispenses advice and Technicolor drinks to the off-duty crew, is modeled on the 1920s-era nightclub owner **Texas Guinan**. insists Goldberg: "I'm not a stand-up on this show. Guinan is kind of an unlicensed shrink." Even given her considerable acting gifts, will Goldberg be able to play it straight? Beam us up, Scotty, we're starting to giggle.

Charges, counter-charges and a disputed audio tape: does it sound like a reprise of the Watergate affair? No wonder Born-again Christian **Charles Colson**, 56, sparked the squabble by writing a column in *Christianity Today* magazine in which he declares that his fellow Watergate conspirator, **G. Gordon Liddy**, 56, has finally

found the light. The supposed evidence: a tape recording of Liddy addressing a Bible group, in which he purportedly reveals that he too is born again. Nonsense, says an irritated Liddy, insisting that he is "no Saul stricken on the road to Damascus." The former White House dirty trickster admits that he has lately returned to the Roman Catholic Church after a lengthy absence, but claims that Colson misinterpreted the tape. Says Colson, the former White House special counsel: "I sent him the article before it was printed, then I never heard from him." Liddy, however, is hearing plenty. Congratulatory letters from Colson's readers are jamming his mailbox.

him," Richards said. Now, he claims, Jagger wants to bring the band back together. Why? According to the guitarist: "Because there's nowhere else to go." Sounds like a stone-solid title for a reunion album.



Under no one's thumb: Richards

Finally, he's getting some satisfaction. It has been more than two years since the Rolling Stones made music together, but last week lead guitarist **Keith Richards**, 44, celebrated the release of his long-awaited first solo album. *Talk Is Cheap*. Richards is dispensing some priceless words of his own.



Born-again brouhaha: Liddy and Colson

He did not want the Stones to break up, he recently told an interviewer, but **Mick Jagger**, whom Richards says has a "Peter Pan complex," felt that the group was old and tired. "Mick kind of lost touch with the fact of how important the Stones were for

When **Henry Kissinger** talks, people listen. So believes Shearson Lehman Hutton, the giant investment firm, which has enlisted the former Secretary of State as one of its newest soft pitchers. In a 60-second commercial that looks more like *Meet the Press* than a plain old plug, ex-network newsman **Richard Vane**, 56, serves up questions to the former globe-shuttling diplomat, 65, who delivers such opinions as "The U.S. has to make sure that it keeps up and surpasses other nations in technology." While Kissinger donated his \$25,000 fee to charity, the commercial may pay a dividend by reaffirming his reputation as sage advice giver.

"We look at these ads as more like a public service announcement," says Shearson vice president Joseph J. Plumeri. "The point is not to sell at all." Of course, Shearson does hope that investors will remember its name. —By **J.D. Reed**. Reported by **David E. Thigpen**/New York



Beaming up: an alien Goldberg



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Illusions Lost and Regained



Sport at the highest levels, whether labeled professional or merely operated that way, has always demanded of its followers a certain capacity for illusion. Exalting the athletes we pay to play for us over the ones they pay to play for them is tricky. It requires an ability to squint and forget a lot, to gild things.

For instance, basketball fans know full well the indelicacies of college recruiting but are ready to imagine that their school's pituitary catch matriculated like any other student and went out for the team. Pro-football fans are hip to the sport's ghastly rigors—revel in them, as a matter of fact—but have no questions to ask offensive linemen with necks like waists. Ultimately, baseball's pennant races push all the season's misdeeds and mistresses aside. In any of these fantasy worlds, lasting disillusionment is nearly impossible since illusionism is the name of the game.

But the Olympics are supposed to be different. They're supposed to be the authentic versions of so many idealized sectors. Like Brigadoon, they reappear innocently every four years, and the impulse to believe in even a microcosmic place of innocence is powerful. When Ben Johnson ran out on the Games last week, he left behind a world of doubt. Indomitable athletes who continued about their business as though nothing extraordinary had happened only fed the doubt. Everything did.

The customary Olympic isms—commercialism and jingoism—were common colds next to the pestilence of cynicism, sexism and racism spread by the mere fact of anabolic steroids and by a rampant suspicion that Johnson's miscalculation was not in usage but in dosage. The Jamaican-born Canadian with fast feet and a slow tongue muscled himself up to a point where he could hoist an entire country onto the gold-medal platform. His 100-meter dash was a sensation. Then, when he let Canada down, it disowned him entirely. Unreserved witnesses stirred by his false accomplishment took precautions never to be so gullible again. From then on, the cheering for the innocent or guilty became just a little careful and not a little hollow.

When the National Football League rushed to show interest in Johnson, the wicked smiles widened. In that industry, street drugs represent only a 30-day rap and steroids remain a private matter. Throughout the big leagues of athletic excellence, just the natural excesses have become awesome. The mammoth Washington Redskins tackle Dave Butz was once asked if the pain ahead, the accumulated remnants of 16 seasons, chilled him. No, but the reports of short life expectancy were worrying. "You can live with a lot of pain," he said sagely, "but you've got to be alive to do it."

Maybe only for being a woman who trains like a man. Florence Griffith Joyner heard a faint sneer amid a thousand Olympic cheers, but heard it nonetheless. The opening ques-

"This has the makings of the rise of a new religion," says the retired Episcopal minister from Hernando, Miss. "Elvis is the god, and Graceland the shrine. There are no writings, but that could be his music. And some even say he is rising again. The August week is more like people going to Lourdes than to an entertainment event. People genuflect before his grave. Women have come to Memphis to deliver babies, claiming Elvis is the father and that he will come down from heaven when the boy is 16 to anoint him—sort of like Jesus in the Jordan River."

Fine, but why Elvis? Not just because he was rock's first superstar, but also because as the pawn of his manager, Colonel Tom Parker, he was the last pop idol who did not control his own career. In 1956 he released his first million-seller, *Heartbreak Hotel*, and raised screams and hackles on TV variety shows. Then, too soon, he was devoured by Hollywood's makeover machinery, steered into a rut that would lead to 33 low-moderio films. Parker's determination to slip Elvis into the old showbiz mainstream effectively neutered the emperor of sexual and musical threat. By 1964, when the Beatles conquered America, Presley was still in his 20s but already an anachronism. And in his later, Vegas years, he often looked the pathetic, self-parodying porker. He was the first Elvis impersonator and a prisoner of his own eminence—the King in exile.

All this was essential to the creation of a cult religion. Presley had to suffer in the only way a celebrity can, through self-humiliation. This soldered the bond between a one-time poor boy from Tupelo, Miss., and his blue-collar, blue-haired or red-white-and-blue fans. He was both above and one of them.

And now, some of them believe, he is with them again. On the stone wall that surrounds the entrance to Graceland they scrawl messages to their elusive idol: OUR LOSS IS HEAVEN'S GAIN . . . ELVIS, WAS THAT YOU AT BURGER KING? . . . ARE YOU DEAD—OR JUST LONESOME TONIGHT? Infidels can look at the balance sheet and say that wherever the star may be, he is certainly taking care of business. Presbyterians know better: ELVIS is an anagram for LIVES. —By Richard Corliss.

Reported by Elizabeth L. Bland/Memphis



Misspelled middle name: a cryptic clue?

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Books

From Crybaby to Curmudgeon

BERNARD SHAW: VOLUME I. 1856-1898. THE SEARCH FOR LOVE
by Michael Holroyd; Random House; 486 pages; \$24.95

A frustrated mama's boy who spent his life scorning family relations as unhappy when not downright unnatural. A product of a ménage à trois who loathed his given name of George because he shared it with both a pathetic father and the self-styled musical genius who became his mother's lover. An eccentric who attributed ill health and body odor to cotton and linen clothing and advocated a wardrobe of unbleached woolen garments. A purported avatar of women's liberation who called himself a "philanderer" and preferred married women for romance. A lectern-thumping socialist who prided himself on his aristocratic if fallen lineage and chronicled protest rallies from the sidelines with amused disdain. A novelist whose books were rejected as unpublishable, a pamphleteer who seemed forever to be engaging in self-satire, a political leader who refused to seek office, a ghostwriter whose hand was not only detected but also thought to be female.

The George Bernard Shaw of Michael Holroyd's biography, which takes the playwright up to age 42 in the twilight of the 19th century, hardly seems likely to become one of the most lionized men of the 20th century. Yet this portrait, a dozen years in the making, in the end enhances Shaw's achievements. In place of the glib rhetorician, Holroyd poignantly brings into view the shy, resentful, self-wounding youth who created the persona of G.B.S. Ashamed of his scandalous and impetuous family, embarrassed by his own awkward ways with peers, employers and especially women, yearning for a position as genius long before he found the particular talent that could confer it, the stage-struck young Shaw seemingly envisioned himself as an actor whose role was his life. At times Holroyd laughs along with Shaw as he smirks at himself. At times he evokes the true sacrifice in a life devoted to public debate rather than private pleasure.

Holroyd subtitled this volume, the first of a projected three, *The Search for Love*. It ends, fittingly, with Shaw's marriage to heiress Charlotte Payne-Townshend in 1898. By then Shaw had published many of the plays that ensure his reputation today, including *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, *You Never Can Tell* and *Arms and the Man*, each of which has had a major New York

City production within the past three years. He had already abandoned a prodigious journalistic career as an essayist and a critic of art, theater and music—although he insisted his dramas too were a form of journalism and derived their value from that. He had made the Fabian Society his personal soapbox and successfully promoted it as an intellectual center for the British left. Had he done no more, a place in history would have been secure. Yet he lived for another half-century of undiminished fame and scarcely mitigated activity, which is why Holroyd's opus will extend to another two volumes.

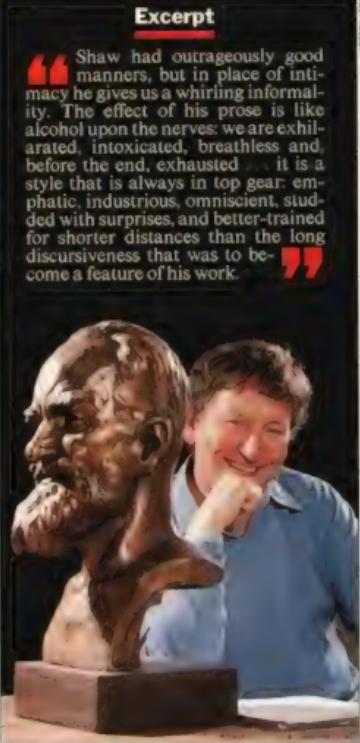
Holroyd's biography is, he says, the

first major one of Shaw since a spate of centenary tributes in 1956, and among the first in which the subject was not an unacknowledged co-author. Holroyd was chosen by the beneficiaries of Shaw's estate—the British Museum, London's Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and the National Gallery of Ireland—and in consequence appears to have been able to unearth some new nuggets, although he offers no footnotes and has put off detailing his sources until after publication of his third volume. The advance from Holroyd's British publisher, Chatto & Windus, was about \$1 million, surely a record for a pen portrait of a deceased author.

What is striking about the book, however, is that it is so entertaining. Holroyd manages to make each successive phase of Shaw's life seem significant of itself, rather than simply as a foretoken of what was to come or as raw material for the plays. Even minor figures often have a Dickensian vividness. Each romantic indiscretion has its own distinct flavor: Holroyd pinpoints which of Shaw's innumerable affairs he believes were consummated, and quotes bawdy letters in proof. Even more precisely evoked are Shaw's nonsexual passions for comrades in causes, from his schoolmate Matthew McNulty to his literary ally William Archer and his Fabian Society partner Sidney Webb. In a review, Shaw urged authors to shape their stories to suit their characters, rather than vice versa. Holroyd aptly allows each relationship to flower on the page without overtly fitting it into his larger architectural intent.

Equally, he appreciates Shaw's arch humor. He cites deadpan letter to the editor in which Shaw "wrote of Jack the Ripper as an 'independent genius' who by 'private enterprise' had succeeded where socialism failed in getting the press to take some sympathetic interest in the conditions of London's East End." Recalling Shaw's epistolary romance with actress Ellen Terry, he quotes a vintage bit of Shawian grumping: "Let those who may complain that it was all on paper remember that only on paper has humanity yet achieved glory, beauty, truth, knowledge, virtue, and abiding love." Describing the tergiversations that led up to the marriage, Holroyd trenchantly observes, "Politically, Shaw had put his faith in the power of words to inspire action. But in his personal life he employed words to avoid taking action." By the end of this fascinating volume, Holroyd provides not only a sense of what it must have been like to know Shaw but also, far more enriching, a sense of what it must have been like to be Shaw.

—By William A. Henry III



Shaw or bust: Holroyd in London, at home with his subject

Fashion

Geoffrey Beene's Amazing Grace

A new show pays tribute to an intrepid designer

His house is miles from Manhattan, out in Oyster Bay, on the north shore of Long Island. From the large home to the rolling acreage and the bounteous orchid gardens, this is Gatsby territory, a place of retreat. But in his work Geoffrey Beene is not interested in insulating himself or in evoking a Pololand of faux nostalgia and privileged period froufrou. Since he began his own label in the spring of 1963, Beene has kept a pace and set a standard that has made him, gradually and quietly, one of the most intrepid of fashionmakers.

He is putting diamonds on a plastic bracelet—let it be focused, almost casual, and helps shatter stereotypes. In the fashion world, Beene has resisted and neatly refuted the caricature of Americans as the slightly slaphappy innovators of sportswear and merchandising trends. A long black wool coat from 1983, with flowing gold satin insets along its back and sleeves, constructed of curved seams, is a masterly combination of *grand luxe* and offhand invention, a subtle experiment in enlarging the possibilities of wearable form. Beene calls it "probably

while that he was flirting with commercial disaster." It was a rough period for me," he recalls. "We could have gone under." But Beene, who was raised in Louisiana and still speaks with a Southern lilt, has a certain flintiness to match his creativity. Says Issey Miyake, who apprenticed with Beene in 1969: "His design is clean and clear and strong, just the way he is in life. He always keeps creativity No. 1 and business No. 2. He never compromises."

His experiments with looser, lighter forms gradually coincided with the radical incursions Miyake and others were making into the fashion mainstream, and the Beene business soon flourished again. The designer is now cutting some of his clothes closer to the body—a few of his



The master at his museum exhibit: "I love standards, but I don't mind breaking rules. The only standard that finally matters is taste"

The lovingly assembled career retrospective of 138 garments, which opened last month at New York City's National Academy of Design, is an eye-popper. The interplay of color and fabric is, as usual, dazzling. Heavy-duty industrial zippers are used with both leather and lace; effulgent Hudson's Bay blankets from L.L. Bean are trimmed with satin and turned into evening coats; a snazzy sequined evening dress is shaped and decorated like a football jersey. Vintage cartoon characters such as Felix the Cat and the Little King undercur and complement the high seriousness of a swank evening gown. The revelation of the show, which combines work from his first collection to his very latest, is its restless response to convention, its adventurousness about shape. "I love standards," says the designer, 61, "but I don't mind breaking rules. The only standard that finally matters is taste."

Beene can sculpt a dress with sensual simplicity or fill out a coat so that it seems to loft from the body. His rule breaking—

the single most significant piece of clothing I ever designed."

Like all of Beene's best work, this coat does not flout tradition, it teases it. Beene keeps rebellion firm but marginal, just as he did as a young medical student, when he sketched dresses on the page borders of his *Gray's Anatomy*. The year after Geoffrey Beene, Inc., was launched, Beene won the first of an unprecedented eight Coty Awards, the industry's Oscars, for his women's fashions. By the early '70s, he had made a wedding dress for Lynda Bird Johnson and had become one of the country's best-known and most sought-after designers, specializing in a kind of overembellished chic. A *New Yorker* review of a 1972 collection nailed him for excesses of design that were "indulging fancifully in styles that women have never dreamed of simply because they have no earthly use for them."

Beene took all this to heart. "It made me rethink clothing and change my career," he says. He abandoned heavily structured clothes for looser, more accommodating shapes, knowing all the

evening dresses for the current season will not forgive an extra pound—but ease and sensuality remain constant, as does his fixation on the future. He wants to remove the stigma of synthetics ("They work; they don't wrinkle; they take less care") and dreams of designing a whole couture collection of man-made fabric. "If it was appreciated," he says slyly, "then I'd tell everyone what the material was. After the show."

One of the best pieces in the National Academy exhibition is a simple dress of black wool and white hammered satin, draped and hung in back with trompe l'oeil suspenders that rise to the neck and form a small collar in front. It is from Beene's current collection and shows that his hand is stronger than ever. "When you think of something as very American," observes Miyake, "you think of something as very new." By this definition, Beene continues to be the most American of designers and very likely the country's best too.

By Jay Cocks

Reported by Elizabeth Rucklidge/New York





"WHEN I LOOKED AT THE FUTURE I GOT SCARED."

Maybe he could have moved away to some big city somewhere and gotten a chance that way. But he didn't want to move.

"I was born and raised in Lexington, Kentucky," he says. "this is home. This is where I want to stay."

He was bright, ambitious, and unlucky: he was in the right place at the wrong time.

"I got a college degree in 1985," he says, "a B.A. in marketing, but there were no jobs. None that would give me a future anyway. There are some fine companies in Lexington, and big ones too. But no one was hiring."

He checked the want ads everyday—for three years. He sent out hundreds of resumes. And meanwhile he took a job that wasn't quite right for him. "The people there were very nice," he says, "they were great. But the job wasn't taking me anywhere. After a couple years I began to feel stalled, stuck. When I looked at the future I got scared."

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Behavior

Older Parents: Good for Kids?

Lateborns find fault,
but there are advantages

"Put off today what you can do tomorrow" has long been the motto of many baby boomers. Until, that is, the biological clock began its inexorable countdown. Today even some of the most committed postponers of parenthood are finally deciding to have children, producing a record crop of late-in-life babies. The number of women 35 or over who are giving birth for the first time has quadrupled in the past decade, and is expected to increase further in the next few years. Sure, there are advantages to starting a family in your late 30s and early 40s. But what about the children who must build sand castles with graying oldsters who can't play ring-around-the-rosy without breaking into a sweat?

In some U.S. urban areas, older parents are becoming the norm. Author Martha Fay, 41, mother of a five-year-old daughter, says of her West Side Manhattan neighborhood, "Some of the mothers look so old they don't appear biologically capable of having had these children. We have 50-year-old men teaching soccer teams." For both sexes, the benefits of postponing kids are greater financial security and well-established careers. What is more, there is no question that late children are wanted—often badly wanted. Says Susan Filiin-Yeh, 45, an art historian at Yale and mother of a nine-year-old daughter: "At this stage I'm not bunting to find out who I am. I'm a better parent now than I would have been."

That may be. But there is plenty of evidence that late children often have problems that other kids do not face. Witness



Mature mom: King, 46, with son Jamie, 6
"I want my kids to be superachievers."

Last Chance Children (Columbia University: \$19.95), a new study of 22 adult children of older parents by sociologist Monica Morris of California State University, Los Angeles. Morris found that only two of her subjects would wholeheartedly choose to have their children later in life. The others unleashed a litany of lateborn woes. They said older parents, usually fearful of physical injury and health problems themselves, were often reluctant to participate in games and sports. Some complained they were deprived of grandparents at too early an age. "No doubt, having children earlier is better and later is worse," says Yale Psychologist Edward Zigler. "Children are always a blessing and a trial."

It is no secret that children may be embarrassed by their parents' gray hair, their outmoded clothes and opinions that

may seem as antediluvian as dinosaurs. And parental physical incompetence can be mortifying. For Tom McDonough, 49, the memory of playing baseball with his 58-year-old father is especially painful. "I said, 'Dad, run, run.' He dropped the bat and looked at me and said, 'I can't,'" says Sasha Lawer, 30, a daughter of older parents. "When I wanted to play, they would send my brother."

Some children recall their older parents as reserved and serious and readily acknowledged that they learned to behave similarly. Dan Janeck, 25, of San Diego, remembers feeling like an adult by age seven. "I was responsible, commitment-oriented. My relatives were older. Although I was a child, I had an adult view that other kids were going through their childhoods." Others, too, find it difficult to connect with peers. "Even in college, at beer parties, I would have the attitude of a 54-year-old," says Lawer. "When a child says, 'Mommy, Mommy, guess what just happened,' there is a difference in the response of a 22-year-old and a 42-year-old. The younger person is closer to childhood to share the wonder."

That emotional gap can widen during a child's teens, when older parents are in their late 50s or early 60s. Janet Spencer King, 46, a Manhattan mother who had her first child nine years ago, foresees an "empathy gap" when her children hit their teens. "As you get older, you get secure and comfortable with who you are," she says. "You don't waste energy, you are moving ahead. You can become dismissive of people who are different. Meanwhile, adolescents have to experience all the different feelings in order to grow." Older parents can put additional pressure on their children to excel. "I make no bones about it. I want my kids to be superachievers," admits King. "I take the long view now."

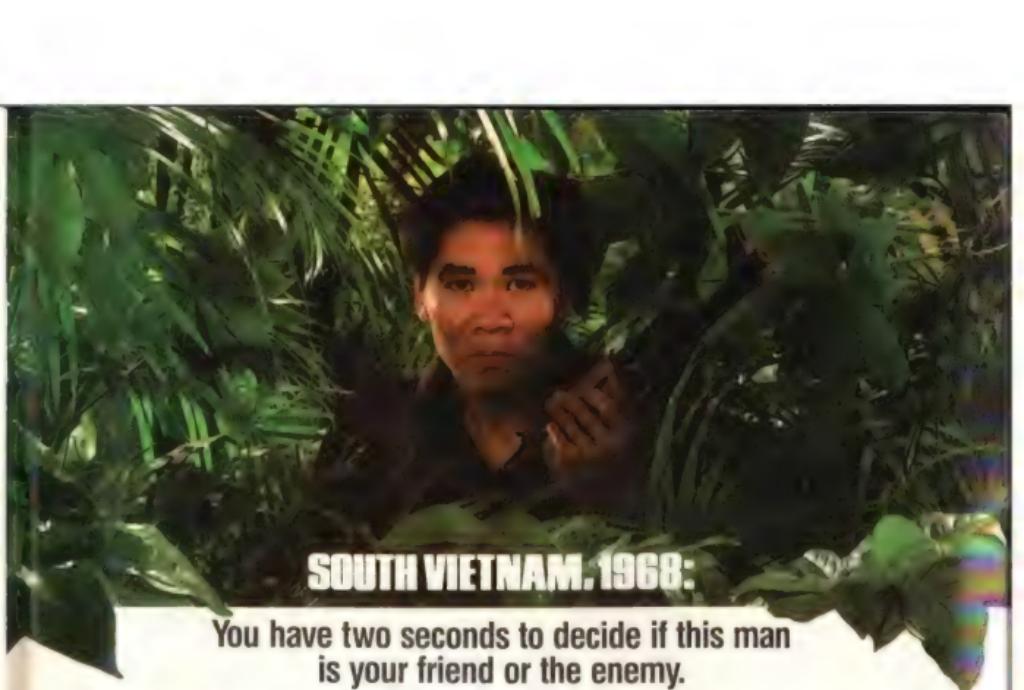
Lateborn children are likely to be more aware of death than many of their peers. Certainly, as young adults, they may find themselves caring for a chronically ill parent. Perhaps because she is the daughter of older parents, King understands her daughter, Megan, 9, when she says, "Mommy, I wish you were younger; then you wouldn't die so soon." Still, psychologists think many children are acutely afraid of death when they are very young—and when their parents are least likely to die.

The trade-off for older parents, as Yale's Zigler notes, is probably "energy level vs. maturity." It may be that attentiveness and commitment to children will offset the disadvantages of age: "I am a parent, not an old parent," insists Los Angeles lawyer John Schulman, 42, father of a 2½-year-old daughter. "I devote time, energy and love to my child." Says Zigler: "Good parenting is a process of bonding and attachment. This is more important than the age of the parent."

By Martha Serrigny/New York



Making up for lost time: Schulman, 42, with daughter Jesse, 2½, at home in Los Angeles



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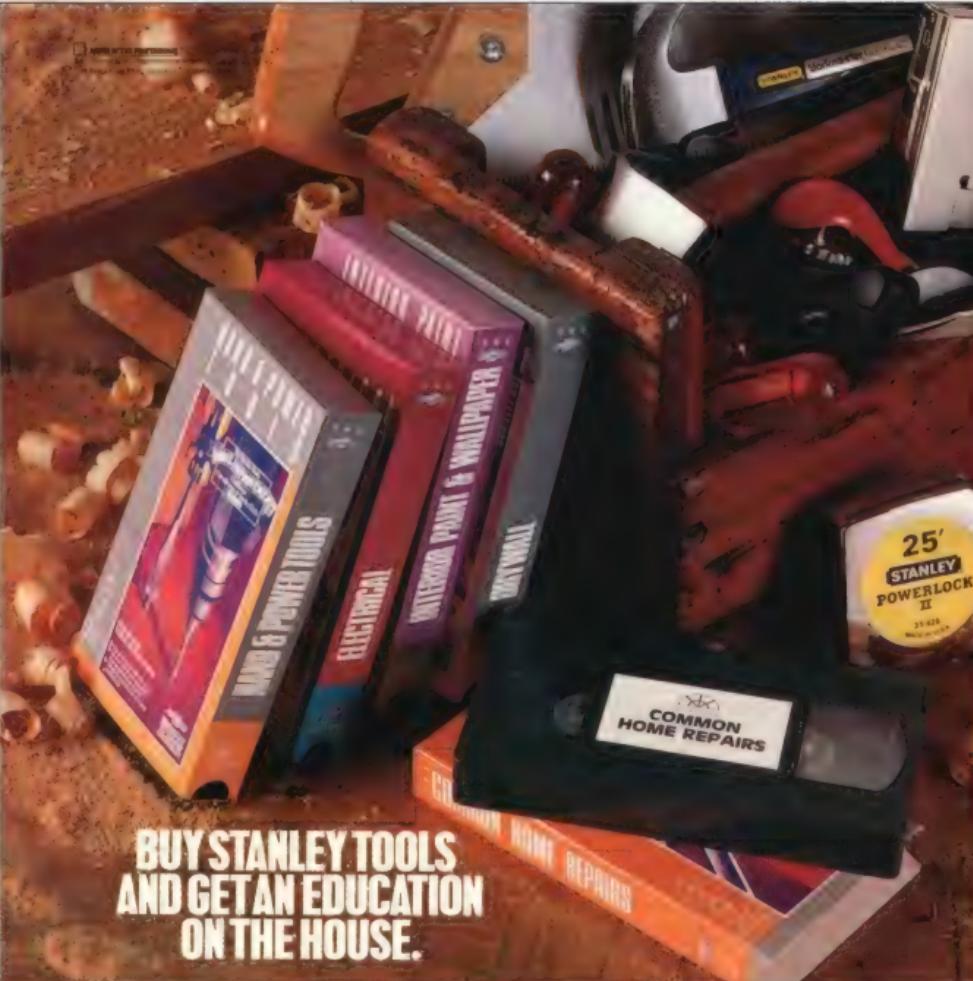
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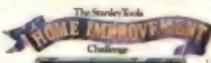
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Medicine

After-the-Fact Birth Control

Abortion pills, approved abroad, are doubtful for the U.S.

For generations, pregnant women have dosed themselves with unpalatable, hazardous potions in desperate, largely unsuccessful efforts to rid their bodies of unwanted fetuses. Among the dubious household remedies: swallowing narcotics made from hempseed, douching with the caustic disinfectant potassium permanganate, and even quaffing gin laced with iron filings. Such medieval measures are now giving way to a modern alternative: drugs that can induce abortion. Approved in pill form abroad, they appear to have what their noxious predecessors lacked: safety and efficacy. They are not, however, lacking in controversy.

China and France last month became the first nations to sanction the use of one such preparation, the French-made abortion pill called RU 486 (trade name Mifepristone). Antabiortionists in the U.S. and abroad lost no time protesting. The Washington-based National Right to Life Committee last week threatened to boycott products of any U.S. firm that attempts to market such pills. The group's ire was further raised when the *New England Journal of Medicine* last week gave high marks to another abortion drug, epoestane, developed by Sterling Drug Inc. "These pills kill unborn babies," said committee spokesman Richard Glasow. "They will increase the use of abortion as a method of birth control."

The two drugs act in a similar man-



French researcher Etienne Beaulieu in 1984 and his invention
Marketing it in the U.S. will be no easy matter.

ner by interfering with the hormone progesterone, which maintains a proper uterine environment for pregnancy. Epoestane prevents the ovaries from making progesterone; RU 486 blocks the hormone's activity. In both cases, the uterine lining sloughs off and the embryo is expelled.

Studies of RU 486, which was first incorrectly dubbed the "morning-after pill" when it was discovered in 1982 by French researcher Etienne Beaulieu, have found it to be effective 95% of the time when taken during the first five weeks of pregnancy in conjunction with a prostaglandin, a substance that causes the uterus to contract. According to last week's *Journal*, Dutch researchers found

epoestane to be 84% effective in women five to eight weeks pregnant. Suction abortions, the usual surgical method, have a 96%-98% success rate. While both drugs allow women to avoid the dangers of surgery and anesthesia, they do carry a small risk of causing excessive bleeding. Should they fail, surgical abortion would be urged, since the drugs could damage the surviving fetus.

The French and Chinese have proceeded cautiously in approving the abortion pill. Both countries require that it be administered in a clinic or hospital rather than at home. To prevent casual use, the French have made it no less expensive than a surgical abortion (cost upwards of \$130). The Netherlands and England are considering approval of RU 486. Meanwhile, Roussel Uclaf, its manufacturer, has contracted with the World Health Organization to distribute the pill at low cost in developing countries.

Whether such pills will ever be approved in the U.S. remains in question. The National Institutes of Health says it is investigating RU 486. Last week Gynopharma, Inc., of Somerville, N.J., which markets the only IUD still sold in the U.S., quashed a rumor that it is seeking federal permission to market the drug. Such speculation, said spokeswoman Cecilia Pineda, probably reflected "our reputation for taking on situations where there are risks." Apparently, even a risk-taking corporation is unwilling to gamble with the formidable wrath—and boycotting power—of the U.S. right-to-life lobby.

—By John Langone

Reported by Margot Hornblower/Paris

Milestones

ENTHRONED. Catharine Burroughs, 38, mother of three, Brooklyn-born daughter of a Roman Catholic and a Jew; as the first Western woman recognized as a reincarnate lama in Tibetan Buddhism; by His Holiness the Third Drukpa Padma Norbu Rinpoche of Mysore, India; at a Buddhist study and meditation center in Poolesville, Md.

CONVICTED. Rene Martin Verdugo-Urquiza, 36, an aide to Mexican drug lord Rafael Caro Quintero, and Jesus Felix-Gutierrez, 28, a former Los Angeles seafood-company owner, of aiding the 1985 kidnap-murders of U.S. Drug Enforcement agent Enrique Camarena Salazar and his pilot, Alfredo Zavala Avelar, by a federal jury in Los Angeles. The same jury had convicted Raul Lopez-Alvarez, 29, a former Mexican state police officer, in the slayings near Guadalajara, allegedly ordered by Caro Quintero.

RELEASED. John Zaccaro Jr., 24, son of 1984 Democratic vice-presidential candidate Geraldine Ferraro, from house arrest in a supervised apartment where he served three months of a four-month term for selling cocaine to an undercover police officer while he was a student at Vermont's Middlebury College; in Burlington, Vt. His relatively comfortable confinement was reduced for good behavior.

RELEASED. Roy Williams, 73, former Teamsters union president, from a federal medical center for prisoners in Springfield, Mo., after serving 34 months of a ten-year sentence for conspiring to bribe a U.S. Senator Williams, who suffers from emphysema and an enlarged heart, can be returned to prison if he does not continue to cooperate in Government probes of organized crime. He has testified that he accepted payments for helping mobsters to get a Teamsters loan.

RETIRING. James Abrahamson, 55, Air Force lieutenant general and soft-spoken, hard-selling director of the Strategic Defense Initiative Organization since 1984; effective Jan. 31. He said he will leave the Star Wars research post to allow "new leadership to represent new policy and direction." Nominated to succeed him was Lieut. General George Monahan, a top Air Force procurement official.

DIED. Charles Addams, 76, creator of demonic cartoons for *The New Yorker* whose name became synonymous with black humor; of a heart attack; in New York City. His family of ghoulish characters occupying a gloomy, cobwebbed mansion delighted the magazine's readers for decades and inspired a popular TV series. Fascinated by coffins and skeletons since childhood, Addams married his third wife in a dog cemetery on the grounds of her estate.

Design

America's Great Depot Gets Back on Track

Union Station in Washington is gloriously restored

Make no little plans," architect and city planner Daniel H. Burnham wrote at the century's turn, "they have no magic to stir men's blood and probably themselves will not be realized." When Burnham's plan for the glorious beaux-arts Union Station was realized in Washington 81 years ago, it was one of the world's biggest rail terminals but otherwise very much of its time. Before World War I, budgets for civic building were generous; beaux-arts neoclassicism was almost obligatory, and the U.S. had more than 80,000 busy train stations—yes, 80,000.

Just 1 in 10 of those stations remains today. During the past five years alone, however, as preservation of historic buildings has attained mom-and-apple-pie popularity, 1,000 old train stations around the country have been renovated. They have been transformed into museums or municipal office buildings or restaurants. Happily, some of the old depots where trains still stop have also been refurbished: New York City's Grand Central is undergoing a partial restoration, and in Wilmington, Del., and Philadelphia, once run-down train stations are back in order.

And now, at long last, here again is Washington's Union Station. Last week, after a thoughtfully conceived and meticulously executed \$160 million restoration, the great national depot—the bustling terminus for hundreds of thousands of troops sent off to two world wars, the Capitol Hill transit point for eleven Presidents and 11 zillion federal hangers-on—reopened in something like its original form for the first time in more than a decade. It may be the most breathtaking public interior in

the U.S. The vast, spiffed-up old station, packed with 140 new shops and restaurants and movie theaters (replacing, among other older amenities, a bowling alley, an ice house, a resident doctor and a mortuary), seems certain to become one of the liveliest, most authentically urban spots in a largely anodyne city.

Despite the renovation, a sense of Manifest Destiny grandeur and industrial heft remains. Diesel locomotives will use the station as well as croissant-eating lawyers. "This isn't a suburban mall," says Benjamin Thompson, the renovation and revitalization architect, based in Cambridge, Mass., who designed the new retail spaces. "This is Washington, D.C. We wanted to maintain Union Station as a transportation center." Until Amtrak service is fully restored, within a year, rail passengers will continue to use a dreary annex built in 1973, when Park Service officials turned the main station into a tourist-information bureau. The National Visitor Center, both conceptually and physically a bust, was closed in 1981. Soon the place was overrun by bums, rats, pi-gons, toadstools.

For the first several decades of its existence, Union Station was a wonder, a glowing masterpiece of civic architecture that the authorities maintained and everybody used. Its redemption today is salutary not just as an example of impeccable restoration but also as a reminder that in this age of retrenchment and diminished dreams, ambitious federal public works can still amount to something more than strategic-weapons systems and superhighways.

—By Kurt Anderson



RETAINING THE OLD TEXTURE

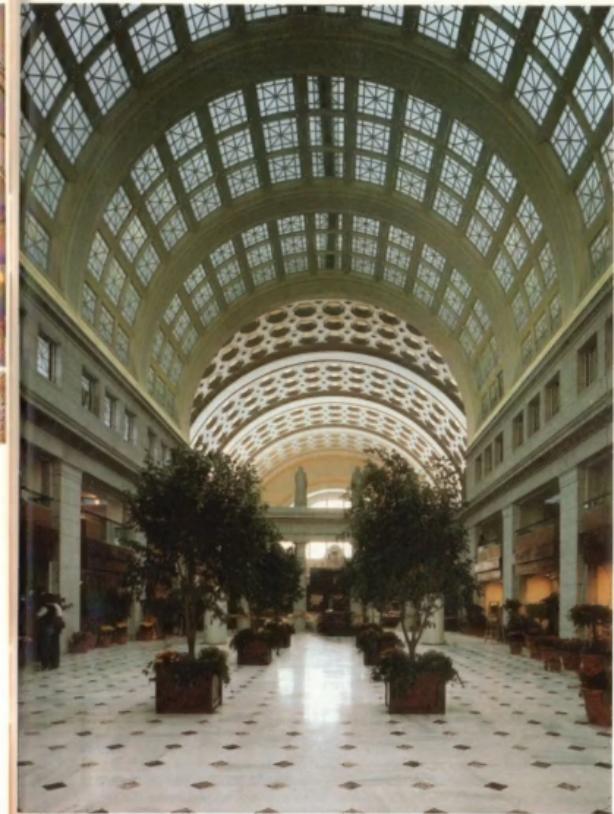
Most of the rooms rely less on volume and geometry for their effects and more on polychrome whimsies. What will be called the Rattlesnake Club restaurant was the presidential suite, where everyone from Taft to Kennedy greeted visiting Pooh-Bahs. It had been painted a uniform, historically inaccurate white. Restorer John Barrios discovered the original, dark amber color behind a sconce and matched it. New canvas panels were applied to the walls, onto which gold and pinkish leaves and pineapples were stenciled. And the capitals of the Ionic columns and pilasters were regilded. In all, 87 lbs. of gold were used in the station.



Stencil on an upper wall of the East Hall



Eagle emblem in the Rattlesnake Club



NO MERE MAGNIFICENT RELIC

"The first time I saw the station," recalls architect Benjamin Thompson, "I was frightened by the space because it was so formal and pompous. If all we had done was fix it up, we would have just another magnificent relic." Thompson and two corporate partners won the contract to develop the commercial spaces, while architect Harry Weese drew up the plans for restoration. Amtrak and the city of Washington put up \$110 million; Thompson and company had to supply an additional \$50 million themselves—thus the scores of shops and restaurants. With a few small, forgivable exceptions, they have given the extant architecture scrupulous respect.

A STERN BUT SUBLIME SPACE

The West Hall, at left, flows into the Main Hall, and together they form a stern but sublime space, immense and cathedral-like—pure architecture. The columns are Doric, as simple as can be, and made of granite. The Main Hall's vast red-and-white marble floor is new, and each deeply inset arched window, set high, is practically its own room. The elaborately coffered barrel-vaulted ceiling makes the 220-ft.-long central axis all the more insistent and grand. The most radical renovations occurred nearby in the old concourse. Although it remains a concourse (ticket windows line one wall), new arched windows, echoing those in the Main Hall, were punched in the wall between the two rooms, and new ersatz antique stairways connect three levels of shops built along the perimeter.

Essay

Dennis Overbye

Stardust Memories

NASA's long ordeal is nearly over. The space shuttle has again shown it can blast astronauts into orbit on biblical smoke pillars. There is much to admire in the sight of the astronauts circling the earth in their splendid reusable spaceship, but there is also something disappointing. For the past two decades the American space program has been going mainly in circles, riding a splendid shuttle to nowhere. Once upon a time NASA launched men to the moon and sent robots across the solar system; there was even brave talk of expeditions to Mars. Now that the nightmare is over, NASA needs a dream again.

Thursday morning, as I sat in front of the television watching NASA technicians worry the *Discovery* through its countdown, I ate a star for breakfast. The star was in the form of a waffle. It consisted mostly of carbon, nitrogen, oxygen and hydrogen, with a sprinkling of other elements. Except for the hydrogen, those atoms had been forged in a star that exploded and died long before our sun and solar system were born. The hydrogen was made in the big bang that allegedly began the universe. Some astronomers think that it was on dust grains floating in interstellar space that these atoms first assembled themselves into the organic molecules that are the forerunners of life, and that the water that is three-quarters of my body came from a comet.

My waffle and I, happily united by the time of lift-off, are stardust. So are we all. We don't have to go into space. We're already there and always have been, whirling about the sun at 18 miles per second, carrouseling around the galaxy, fleeing the other galaxies at millions of miles per hour. Rick Hauck and his comrades weren't going anywhere but home.

The power and allure of the space program, it seems to me, come from its connection with that giddy sense of the unknown. When we explore the universe, we explore ourselves. We seek the source of the cosmic-ray winds that mutate our genes and the comet showers that may periodically extinguish species; we seek the name of that star whose dust is under our fingernails. There is plenty of science in the space program, but the space program is not science; there is technological fallout, but it's not about technology. It's about, or should be about, consciousness and the mystery of our own destiny. The space truck to nowhere, sophisticated as it is, gets us to orbit but doesn't give us any lift.

The space program was last seen in the 1960s and early '70s, when the moon landings had to share television time with Viet Nam and burning ghettos. Since then, NASA, several Administrations and Congresses have found it politically more expedient to build space hardware than to say what it is going to be used for. NASA and the nation have no program in space, no goal. It's as if the interstate highway system had been designed before the Louisiana Purchase and only went as far west as New Jersey. They build office parks where

they need a truck stop. Most observers now agree that NASA's emphasis on the shuttle was a mistake. It tried to be all things to all people, cost \$10 billion to develop and killed seven people. Nevertheless, NASA is pushing doggedly for an equally nebulous but even more expensive space station. What's it all for?

There are many space programs, grand dreams, that could reconnect us with our cosmic selves, give shape to NASA's activities and stop the space agency from making \$10 billion wrong turns. They are ideas that were filed in the round basket in NASA's rush to re-ignite the shuttle's engines: a manned expedition to Mars, a moon base, a reinvigorated program of unmanned solar system exploration, or even the so-called Mission to Earth, which would strive to understand our own planet before we ruin it for good. Like ambivalent lovers, NASA and the American people have to choose.

Wait a minute, I can hear you saying. Don't these things cost money? The phrase budget deficit comes to mind. Is this as important as finding the unified theory of physics or housing the homeless? Yes and no. Yes, NASA could save money in the long run by having a clear goal, but why is money so scarce? Every year the U.S. Government invests some \$300 billion in a Manichean mythology that the world is divided by an eternal conflict between the forces of good and evil, light and dark. Why not invest instead in a different mythology? Why not invest a pittance of the military budget in a new mythology of cooperation and evolution, of the earth as a living organism with eyes molded from stardust, still dumb but trying to learn?

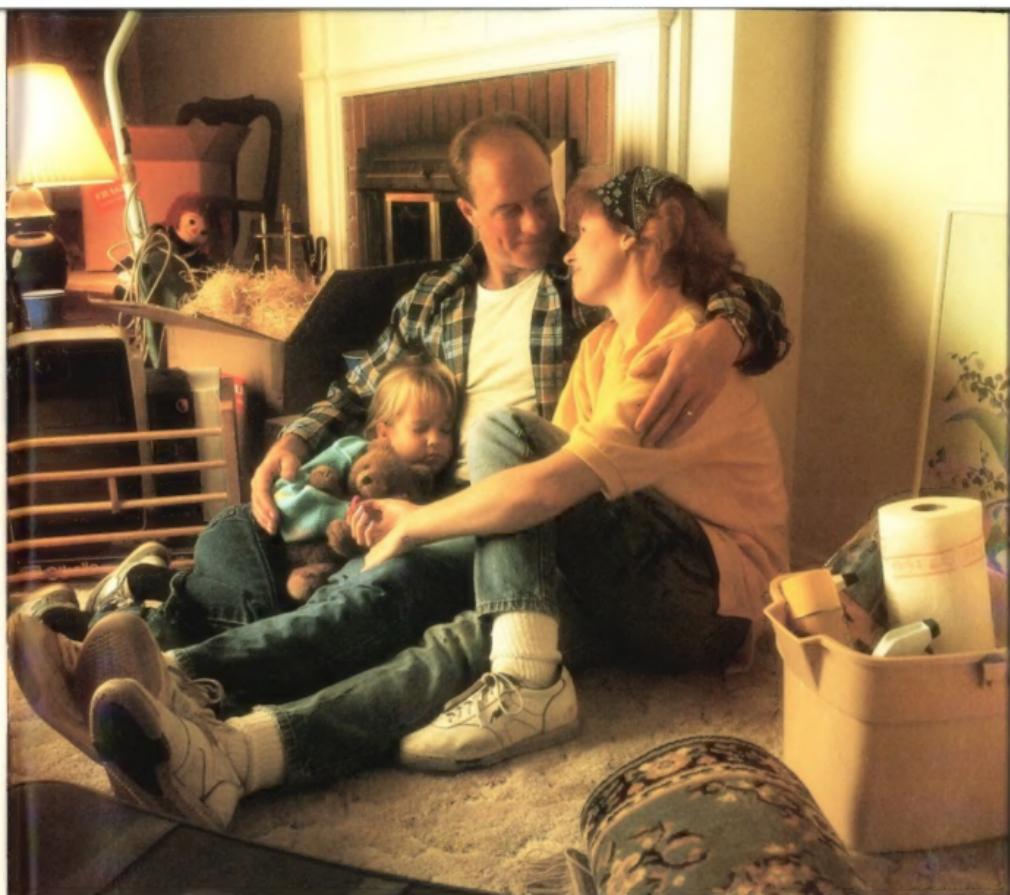
The Soviet Union has begun a generation-long program to explore Mars that is expected to end with cosmonauts landing on the Red Planet, so prominent in the sky these nights, soon after the turn of the century. A Soviet scientist has announced that an automated roving vehicle will land there in 1994; one of its jobs will be to look for fossils. *Fossils on Mars?*

Why shouldn't we join the Soviets in their great adventure, as they have continually beseeched us? As humans we shouldn't care who makes the big discovery or what language it is reported in. But as humans we should like to see a thing done as well as possible, and it is still our turn to lead, to help invest in the new mythology. The American space program has become a kind of monument that we have bequeathed to future generations and the other peoples of our planet. It is a homage to humility and hope, a promise, like great art or science, that we can escape, that we can loose the bonds that chain us to ourselves and soar. The rockets are soaring again. But they're not going anywhere—yet.

There's a famous story about Robert Wilson, the founder of Fermilab (where they do look for the grand and unified theory). Wilson was asked once by a penurious congressional committee if Fermilab contributed anything to the national defense. No, answered Wilson, it just helped make the country worth defending. So did the space program. ■

Dennis Overbye, a former senior editor of Discover magazine, is writing a book on cosmology.





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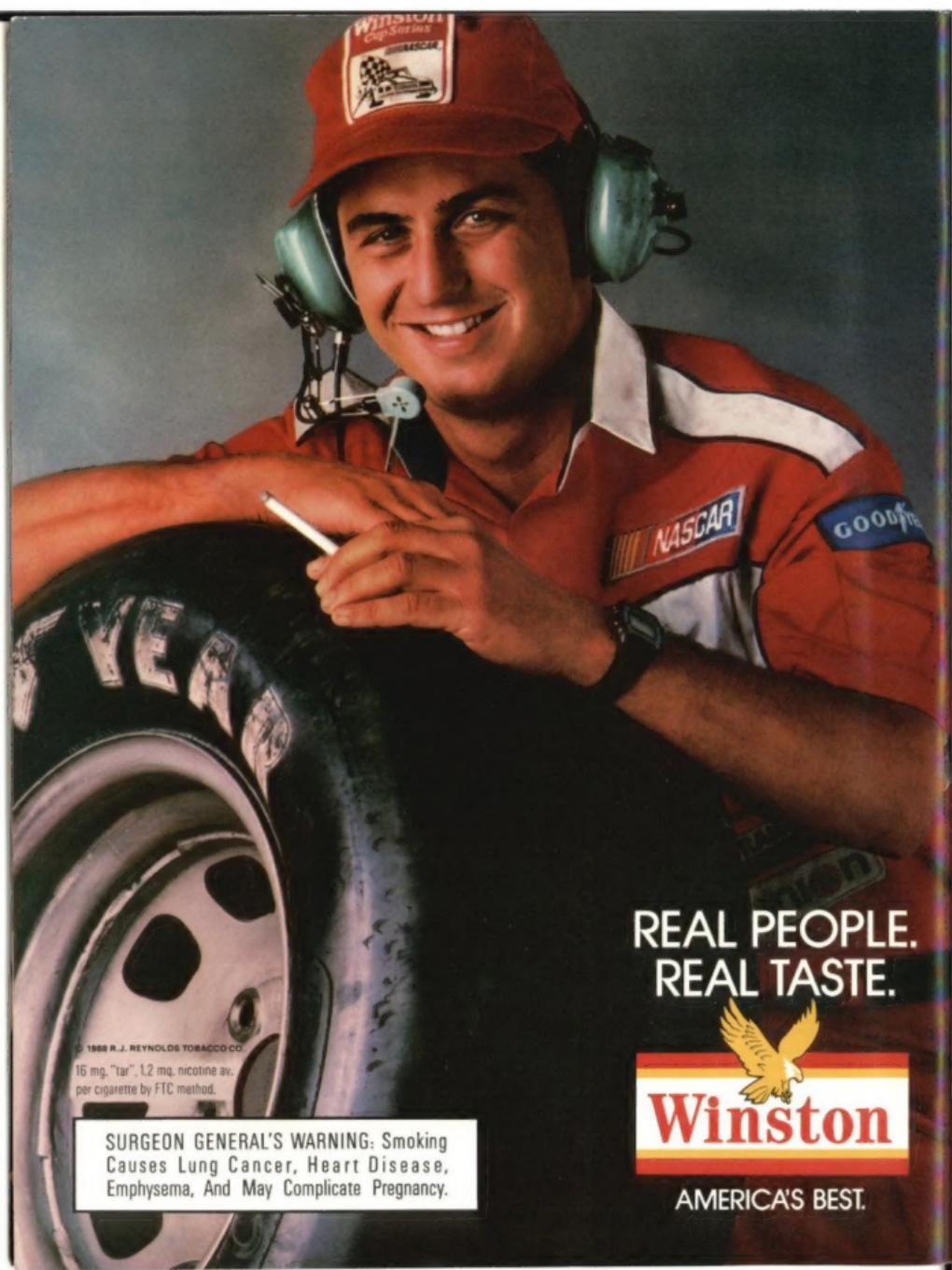
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